THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 8, for August, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The Lover's Leap.
2. London fashionable Morning and Evening Dresses.
3. Elegant new Patterns for Borders, Trimming, &c. &c.

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NOTICES.

In our next Number, will commence an entertaining and instructive Novel, entitled " Henry and Emma Lloyd, or Modern Life delineated."— *N.B. We request the fair Authoress to favor us with her address.*

To *Laura's* Query respecting *Translations of the French Morceaux* given in our poetic department, we reply, that we would not, in any case, recommend a close translation of poetry, which can hardly ever be successful: and, in our own case, we should rather wish for a free imitation, or—what would be more likely to please— the bare adoption of the principal idea from the French, and all the particulars from the writer's own fancy.

Mrs. Oldham (The " *Old Woman*") begs leave to express her acknowledgements to the intelligent correspondent who has addressed her under the signature of " *Publicola,*" and will at all times feel herself flattered by a communication of that writer's sentiments.

A " *Divine Song*" would require considerable improvement, before we could venture to publish it.

We would with great pleasure oblige the author of the " *Anacreontic Completion,*" &c. by inserting his lines (*next month*), did they not inculcate an objectionable doctrine, which we should be sorry to recommend to our fair readers.—If he choose to alter and amend, there is yet time until the middle of September.

We are sorry for " *M. T. K. T.*"'s trouble, as neither of his sonnets happens to suit us.

Appendix continued from page 388.

Agricultural Phænomenon.—A field of wheat belonging to Mr Lewis, farmer, of Purton, Wilts, claims the admiration of the surrounding country. His crop of wheat, last year, completely failed; but, without fresh ploughing, sowing, or manure, there have, this year, sprung up from each old root from 60 to 66 stalks, bearing as many ears; and these ears are as much as five inches in length, full of the finest grain imaginable; and, what is more astonishing, a new stalk is springing from the first joint. The nature of the grain, however, seems to have changed by being so long in the ground: and it is now [*August* 4] a fine piece of Lammas wheat.

Remarkable Case of Abstinence.—There is now [*August* 15] a woman in the parish workhouse at Berwick, who, for several weeks, has taken no sustenance whatever. She was found at Gainslaw, and brought to the workhouse, nearly fourteen days ago, by the overseers of the poor, who have not been able to prevail on her to taste food of any kind, though she seems to be in a state of starvation. She declares that she knows not when she last ate any thing, and that she loathes food; yet, except great peevishness when spoken to, she shows no symptoms of delirium or fever; and her pulse, though languid, is quite regular. She will give no account of herself, and requests only to remain undisturbed. The overseers have ascertained that she has a brother in Leith, in indigent circumstances; that she has been roaming about the country, chiefly in Berwickshire, for a considerable time; that it does not appear that she ever solicited food, or a bed, and that she usually slept in the plantations, or beneath a hedge, uniformly rejecting every thing offered to her.

Notable Co-incidences.—On the 17th of last June, Great Britain rescinded the Orders in Council—and the Congress of the United States determined on war with Great Britain.—On the 20th, the American general Bloomfield, at New York, announced war against Great Britain—and Bonaparté, from the head quarters of his grand army, issued his first bulletin, and declaration of war against Russia.—To these may be added, that Sellis, the supposed assassin of the Duke of Cumberland, and Lorenzo, the assassin of the Count and Countess of D'Antraigues, were intimate acquaintances, and that they both committed suicide.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1812.

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*
(*Concluded, from page 297, and accompanied with an illustrative Engraving.*)

SHE soon reached the promontory, whence viewing the vast extent of the bellowing waves, an involuntary dread took possession of her mind:—she became pale: her knees trembled; and, looking fearfully around, she perceived the inscriptions consecrated to the memory of those who had escaped the fury of the waves.—She cautiously approached the edge of the precipice, and observed with horror, that the sea had undermined the rock, which appeared suspended over the raging flood, and seemed actually falling into the waves. She drew back with fear and precipitation, and covered her eyes with her veil. Rhodopè, who had followed her mistress, and who augured the most sinister intentions, reached the brink of the abyss at the moment when her mistress started back, and caught her in her arms.—Sappho endeavoured to disengage herself from her embrace; but Rhodopè resisted all her efforts, and entreated her to retire from the precipice. "I conjure thee," said Sappho, "in the name of thy fidelity, which makes thee a partner in my afflictions, not to oppose the will of the gods, which has been revealed to me by the sacred minister of Apollo. I come hither to invoke the divinity on this consecrated spot, destined for the termination of my woes. Leave me then, I entreat thee, by thy tender love, and by the excess of my misery—and let me invoke the gods without restraint, and obey their dictates."—Rhodopè, deceived by her words, reluctantly obeyed the commands of her mistress, and retired to a short distance with Clitus.

Now free from interruption, Sappho raised her hands and streaming eyes to heaven, and, in the voice and attitude of supplication, exclaimed, "O ye powers who protect the unfortunate! never had any mortal a juster claim on your compassion. In obedience to the voice of the oracle, and with submission to the will of Heaven, I kneel before you, a willing victim. If you have decreed my death, it will be for me the beginning of repose. If I am permitted once more to see the shore, and to enjoy tranquillity, I solemnly swear to dedicate my life to the altars of the chaste Diana. 'Tis in the silence of her sanctuary, that I shall experience joys more pure than those promised by the deceitful pleasures of love.—O Thetis! receive me into thy bosom."

At these words, she rushed toward the edge of the precipice; but, seised with involuntary terror, she suddenly stopped at its brink. Rhodopè screamed aloud; and Clitus darted forward to seise his mistress: but Sappho, who saw his design, hastened the fatal moment of execution.

The natural timidity of her sex, and the dictates of religion, might have triumphed over her resolution; and she would not perhaps have fulfilled the oracle: but her implacable enemy, invisibly concealed in a cloud, hastened her destruction by inflicting

fresh wounds. The goddess, with a malignant smile, drew the golden bodkin which supported her flaxen tresses, and, with repeated strokes, pierced the heart of the unfortunate maid. Sappho felt the goading wounds, and, furious as the heifer stung by the bee, she covered her face with her veil, and, heaving a profound sigh, rushed forward, and fell into the sea.

When Clitus arrived, he perceived nothing on the surface of the waves: the weight of her fall had sunk her to the bottom of the abyss.—In a few moments, she appeared struggling in vain against the pangs of death.—At this dreadful sight, the faithful Clitus leaped from the precipice to her assistance: but he unfortunately fell on the edge of a rock, and perished.

With slow and trembling pace, Rhodopè reached the promontory, when a wave brought her mistress to her view:—another wave succeeded, and swallowed her up for-ever.—Worn out with age and infirmity, the wretched Rhodopè could not sustain this dreadful shock; and she fell senseless to the ground.

Thus ended the days of the hapless Sappho.—That she was more unfortunate than those who had preceded her at Leucadia, and perished in the waves, is to be imputed to the implacable vengeance of an offended deity.—Unfortunate maid!—thy woes will cause the sacred tear of pity to flow: that compassion which the barbarous Phaon refused thee, will be felt by successive generations; and thou shalt enjoy the love and veneration of posterity.—On the following day, the attendants of the temple found her mortal remains on the shore, which were interred with funeral honors. By a decree of the people of Mitylene, a magnificent tomb was erected on the spot where she was buried, with an inscription which records the sad history of her misfortunes.

Solitary Musings *in a* Country Church.

By Mr. Webb, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

Though by birth and principles a sectarian, I take a solitary pleasure in ranging the consecrated domes of the establishment, and frequently indulge in such solemn reflexions and meditations as the scene inspires.—One evening, as the bell of death was summoning to his clay-cold retreat the sad remains of a fellow mortal, I traversed the gloomy aisles of a country church, rapt in serious thought.

"How rev'rend look'd the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear'd their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It struck an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look'd cold,
And shot a chillness to my trembling heart." *Congreve.*

As I entered the chancel, the first object that attracted my attention was a beautiful window of painted glass, on which were portrayed the Virgin Mary, a bishop in his pontificals, and one of our English monarchs, arrayed in all the splendid insignia of royalty.

"The storied window, richly dight,
Cast a dim religious light." *Milton.*

Under a small square stone, lie the mouldering relics of a gentleman, who was called from the active pursuits of life, in life's meridian prime, when imagination had formed many a fairy scheme of sublunary happiness and hope. The flatterer Hope had painted the future in happy colors: but Death, the grand baffler of human projects, marred a series

of embryo plans, and put a final period to the useful exertions of an enterprising genius.—For a few moments, fancy took an excursion to his late residence, and surveyed the garden, the neat alcove, and the hawthorn bower—retreats, calculated to invite reflexion, and to solace a mind fatigued with the pursuits of business, and tired of the anxieties of active life. The fir and bay trees still flourish green and fair: aromatic shrubs in full blossom perfume the breeze of evening; and flowers of every hue and name grace the parterre: but, alas! he that planted and decorated this delightful spot, sleeps in this cold unsocial tomb—unconscious of its beauty, unmindful of its fragrance.

Human felicity! what a transitory flower! the prey of every adverse blast! What are the fairest earthly expectations, but bubbles on the passing stream, burst and dissipated by the softest vernal gale?

Close by his side, rests his only son, a youth of promise and of pregnant intellect—torn from his embraces by a fatal disease, when the buds of genius were beginning to expand, and had given a flattering assurance of a copious harvest of paternal comfort.—My youthful muse dropped the tributary verse on his lamented bier *; and the afflicted parent read the artless effusion with eyes suffused with tears.

> "Parental hopes! gay visions, painted fair!
> How soon your rain-bow tints dissolve in air!
> On the fair scene stern disappointment lours;
> And blasted prospects gloom domestic hours."
>
> *Author's manuscript Poem.*

Yon small marble, placed in the wall, and painted round with black, records the memory of a gallant colonel, who, though not deficient in manly courage or brilliant achievement in the field of Mars, yet acted a more conspicuous part in the licentious scenes of low debauchery, and, by his excesses, debilitated a robust constitution; and the shattered fabric sunk to its original dust at the age of forty-eight.—Here the contemplative mind might indulge in awful speculations, about the eternal fate of such a character: but, admonished by Shakspeare, it would do well to exclaim, with that great bard,

> "Forbear to judge; for we are sinners all."

Another small monument informs me, that underneath are deposited the remains of a dissenting minister, who died in his seventy-fifth year; and the inscription concludes with the following apposite address—"What his character was, will be known at the great day. Reader! think what thine will be." I knew him well.—While attending his reapers, (for he occupied a small farm) he was seised with an apoplectic fit, and experienced an instantaneous transition from the petty concerns of time, to the grand, the stupendous scenes of eternity.

> "How many fall as sudden, not as safe!"
>
> *Young.*

Hard by the belfry, lies all that was mortal of a gay facetious excise officer, who, during the blithe moments of thoughtless jocularity, was heard to express a wish, that, when dead, he might be buried as near the bells as possible, as he loved their music. Surviving friends, attentive to his desire, appointed this spot to be his resting-place.—He was a man of sprightly wit and agreeable manners, whose highest ambition was to set the table in a roar. But, "alas! poor Yorick!" where are thy flashes of convivial mirth? vanished into "thin air!" Where are thy boon

* See, in our last month's publication, a poem, by Mr. Wr[illegible], "*On the Death of an accomplished Youth.*"

companions, who conspired with thee to drown the "felon Care" in the rosy bowl? they have all followed thee to the house of death, where night and silence reign.

While thus, in pensive meditation, I paced the sacred edifice, the shades of evening began to gather thick around me; and I felt a sudden tremor pervade my frame, and remind me that it would be prudent to retire.

"Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear—
Could rove each desolated aisle, [pile—
Though midnight thunders shook the
Or dauntless view, or seem to view
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along." *Mason.*

(To be continued.)

The Old Woman.

(Continued from page 303.)

No. 8.—*On* Friendship.

Of all the passions or sentiments which adorn human nature, friendship is certainly the most sublime, because the least selfish affection of the soul; and honor, frankness, tenderness, and generosity, are the foundations on which it is established.—Amid the various ties and dependencies which constitute the happiness of life, it is at once the most delicate and fragile; for suspicion would weaken it, and distrust destroy its growth.—Confidence and esteem are the cements by which it is united;—sap the foundation of either, and it perishes in the bud! Wealth cannot purchase, titles cannot obtain it; and the great, alas! seldom enjoy this most refined of human gratifications.

The term, "*Friendship*," according to its general acceptation, means little more than the common courtesies of the world: but surely this must be a sad perversion of the noblest passion which can dignify the soul!—"How tiresome do all the pleasures of the world appear, compared with the happiness of a faithful, tender, and enlightened friendship!" says Zimmermann, in his beautiful description of the beneficial effect which may be derived from solitude.—"How joyfully," he adds, "do we shake off the shackles of society, for that high and intimate connexion of the soul, where our inclinations are free, our feelings genuine, our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutual confidence of thoughts and actions, of pleasures and pains, uninterruptedly prevails; where the heart is led by joy along the path of virtue, and the mind conducted by happiness into the bower of truth; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation, and succour, are reciprocally given and received, in all the accidents and misfortunes attached to human life."

The pen, which could thus beautifully describe the charm and effect of friendship, must have been guided by the emotions of a heart influenced by its benign power; for no cold or apathetic character could have depicted it in such glowing colors.—A soul, irradiated by the charm of friendship, nobly disdains all the petty considerations of the world; and misfortune, instead of weakening the noble passion, binds it still closer to the heart.

A weak mind is incapable of friendship; and an interested one can never feel the force of its superior charm: a bad temper cannot hope to retain affection, even if its possessor displays innate goodness of heart.—Though r[illegible] friendship will bear and forbear; [illegible]t there are certain points, which [illegible] cannot pass—cer-

tain delicacies of conduct, which are necessary to sustain it—certain refinements of behaviour, not easily described by words.

Doctor Johnson observes, that "so many qualities are necessary to constitute real friendship, and so many accidental circumstances must arise to secure its continuance, that the greater part of mankind content themselves without it, or supply its place by interest or dependence." —Though the authority of such a man must doubtless carry weight with it, yet I must hope that instances of genuine friendship are not so rare as he describes. I will hope, that my own sex, in particular, are not so blind to their present happiness, as to check the growth of a passion, which has not unaptly been termed the "balm of life."

In the selection of a friend, much care is necessary, and much precaution ought to be observed. "It requires time to deliberate upon friendship," says Seneca: "but, the resolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the inmost secrets of my heart; and I should consider my thoughts as safe in his breast as in my own."—Good sense, good nature, firm principles, and religious propensities, are absolutely necessary in the composition; for good sense will inform the mind, good temper throw cheerfulness around us, and religious sentiments and firm principles produce an influence upon the heart.

The friendships which are formed at an early period of existence, are generally more permanent than those we enter into at a more advanced date; and therefore it is peculiarly necessary that young persons should carefully search into the private character of those, with whom they mean, in a certain degree, to blend their own fate.—However insinuating may be the manners, and how highly cultivated the understanding, yet, if there are any latent traits to be discovered of a want of susceptibility in the heart—if the object of admiration displays want of filial attachment, or coldness and indifference in the performance of religious duties—such a character, I will pronounce, must be a dangerous acquaintance.

"It is necessary," observes Doctor Blair, in his beautiful Sermon addressed to the young, "to recommend to you sincerity and truth; for these are the basis of every moral virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart—those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate —present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth.—If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show itself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men—when interest shall have completed the obduracy of your hearts, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile?—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; and its first appearance may be considered as the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame."

I have ventured to extract these sentiments from an author, whose opinions are established upon the solid basis of truth, and whose writings have been more beneficial to society, than those of any author I am able to quote.—If Doctor Blair's opinion of the human character be well founded—of which there cannot be a doubt—young persons, in forming their friendships, ought to avoid all attachments with

those who are deficient in the requisite virtues of the heart.

Youth undoubtedly is the proper season for cultivating the humane affections; and, as the happiness of life in great measure must depend upon the connexions which are then formed, neither external accomplishments nor insinuating manners ought to influence the feelings, or be allowed to act as a substitute for innate goodness and worth.

I am aware that parents, in general, seldom omit cautioning their daughters against the seductive charm of love, while they permit them to form friendships without care or precaution. If a disease of body in the animal creation is considered of so dangerous a tendency as to infect a whole flock, how much more caution ought to be observed, with reflecting creatures, who evidently become tainted by pernicious example!—A mother's lynx-like eye ought to penetrate into the deepest recesses of that being's heart, towards whom she perceives her daughter to feel a growing attachment, and a secret regard.—She ought not merely to watch the actions of that being in the fulfilment of important duties, but in those trifling circumstances which appear insignificant, and by which she may form a more accurate opinion, than in circumstances of moment.—We are all guarded in matters of importance, because we naturally expect every eye to be fixed upon us; but, in those unimportant actions which appear to carry no weight with them, we suffer our natural propensities to unfold themselves.

As youth, however, is the season when the most permanent friendships are formed, I do not mean to discourage a propensity which gives to life its greatest charm:—I merely mean to caution the unsuspecting, and to guide the untaught.—Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations of the parties to participate in the alluring pleasures of the world:—too many, likewise, of these pretended friendships are founded upon the whim of the moment; and, like all attachments suddenly formed, are seldom binding, but dissolve with some new caprice of the mind.—Sometimes they are produced by the effect of flattery, or the power of self-interest, and remain no longer permanent, than while these ignoble feelings are gratified.

These connexions deserve not the name of friendship, which is a passion at once dignified and refined—a sentiment which ennobles human nature, and calls forth all the finer feelings of the mind. 'Tis a charm which sooths us in the hour of affliction:—'tis a shield which blunts the shaft of distress:—'tis a harbour where the shattered vessel, after all its toils and dangers, may safely repose!

O friendship! thou emanation of divine beneficence! thou sweet assuager of the most heart-rending grief! from thy granate buds I inhale the sweets of Arabia:—thy unfading blossoms ever bloom! Sweet, however, as is the power, and soothing as is the charm of friendship, I would caution the young and inexperienced against its too eager formation: I would persuade them to examine closely into the character of those with whom they intend forming this binding, this indissoluble connexion.—But, while caution ought to be observed in contracting the intimacy—when a virtuous friendship is once formed, then let them consider it as a sacred engagement, which calls forth all the nobler energies of the heart. To be changeable

or capricious in friendship, evinces a flippancy of character, or an unsteadiness of disposition; and that being who can change his friends with the same ease as his apparel, must not hope to be either loved or esteemed.

A very judicious author has observed that he would form an opinion of a stranger's character, by knowing the disposition of those with whom he associated*.—If, therefore, the public opinion, with respect to us, is to be guided by the estimation in which the characters of our friends are held in society, how careful ought we to be in the selection, since, on their credit as much as on our own conduct, depends the applause or censure of the world.

Prosperity invites, but adversity tries the power of, friendship. 'Tis in the season of distress and calamity alone, that we can know the real value of a friend. True friendship then seems to say, "If thy father and thy mother should forsake thee, in the sanctuary of my bosom shall thy sorrows all find rest."—Soothing sanctuary! refreshing harbour! where the little bark, which has been tossed upon the billows of adversity, may repose in peace; where every sorrow will be diminished by participation, and every joy augmented by being shared!—If the tear of affliction steal down the cheek of the friend of our bosom, the tender hand of sympathy wipes it away; and the smile, which irradiates the countenance, imperceptibly enlivens the heart of those we love.

Cold must be the heart, and apathetic the disposition, of that mortal who participates not in the bliss that friendship inspires; whose breast never glowed with tenderness and affection, and whose joys are all centred in self-gratification.—In this union of souls (if I may be allowed the expression) there is a regular interchange of happiness—a sweet communion of thoughts, sentiments, and impressions, which at once delights and expands the breast!—In endeavouring to promote the happiness or welfare of the being to whom we are attached, all selfish considerations are banished from the mind; and, in possessing the power of evincing our friendship, we experience sensations of heart-felt delight.

Yet even this most disinterested and dignified of passions ought not to interfere with other important duties of life. We were sent into this world to become useful members of society, and not to direct all our energies to one particular point.—Those ties and dependencies, which the God of nature instituted, doubtless supersede every other claim; and, if the attached friend be an undutiful or inattentive daughter, an unaffectionate sister, or an undomesticated wife, that strength of attachment upon which she probably may pique herself, instead of adorning the character, must be considered as a shade.—Pure and genuine friendship interferes with none of the moral duties: on the contrary, it is the province of true friendship to be virtue's safest guide; and the being who feels the force of that noble passion, will, like a skilful pilot, endeavour to direct the little bark of life. Like a beacon, it will warn—like a mariner, long accustomed to sail on life's tempestuous sea, teach the friend to avoid those shoals and quicksands, which we are all invariably destined to encounter.

(*To be continued.*)

* This idea is forcibly, though quaintly, expressed, in the French proverbial phrase, "*Dis moi qui tu hantes, et je te dirai qui tu es*"—i. e. "Tell me with whom you associate, and I'll tell you who [*what*] you are."

The DEBTORS;
a Narrative founded on Facts.
By MARIA.

THOUGH the gratification which the philanthrope enjoys from a wide-extended usefulness, is supposed to be exclusively attached to the wealthy part of mankind, yet whoever contributes to the advantage of society, and whoever endeavours to lessen those evils to which individuals are exposed in life, may doubtless be called a philanthrope, in the strict acceptation of the term.

It has been observed by a celebrated author, that we can bear every species of misfortune with fortitude, except those, which, from imprudence or impropriety, we bring upon ourselves: but I am inclined to believe there are situations where no censure can be attached to the suffering individuals, yet where fortitude has been unable to sustain them. Had I the power of appealing to that justly admired philanthrope *, who lost his valuable existence in the service of his fellow creatures, he would, I am persuaded, confirm this opinion, from personal observation. —How many unfortunate beings are, at the present moment, confined within the gloomy walls of a prison, either through the depravity of those in whom they placed confidence, or through their want of principle!

As custom authorises, and fashion seems to stamp the practice of incurring debts of greater magnitude than the income can afford—so thoughtless are individuals of the consequences arising from it, that they seem to think the regulation of their expenses according to their fortune, a circumstance of too little importance to merit regard. It is true, a debt of *honor* (as it is termed) is considered as a positive engagement; while the industrious tradesman or mechanic is thought impertinent, if he venture to make a claim; and, while the non-payment of his just demand exposes him to all the horrors of a prison, five times the sum that would satisfy him, is lavished upon an evening *fête*.

This is no caricature representation of fashionable inconsiderateness—to give it no harsher term; for how many honest tradesmen are at this moment suffering from an evil, which seems to defy the power of law!—Can fortitude sustain a man under such trying circumstances? or could the most apathetic being calmly submit to be torn from his domestic circle, and confined within the walls of a prison, merely for having given credit to the thoughtless or unprincipled? Can he behold the means wrested from him of supporting the dear pledges of conjugal affection? can he calmly contemplate the sufferings of a wife whom he adores? Ah! no! these are trials which would convert heroism into cowardice; for they penetrate to the very bottom of the heart!

As a friend and a monitress, I would caution my young readers against a practice, which, I allow, has fashion for its support, but which a little calm reflexion must convince them is offensive in the eyes of the great Creator of the world.—Allowing that debts are incurred with the firm intention of paying them, yet, if credit be required beyond a certain period, it should be recollected that the tradesman must be punctual in his payments to the manufacturer, and that, if he fail in this punctuality, the most lamentable consequences must ensue.

Inconsiderateness is at once the failing of, and apology for, youth; and I am persuaded there are many

* Mr. Howard.

young men and women of fortune, who, from mere want of reflexion, omit to settle their tradesmen's accounts. Could they witness the inconvenience, nay, the misery, which frequently arises from their inattention, they would shudder at the very thought: but, as example is more impressive than precept, I shall terminate my remarks with the history of a young lady of large fortune, who, with a disposition naturally amiable, brought misery upon a worthy family by not being punctual in the settlement of her accounts.

Should the history of Louisa Pennington act as a beacon to the young and affluent—or should it be the means of preventing one superfluous debt from being incurred, my heart will glow with exultation: for I shall have the satisfaction of thinking I am not a useless being in the world.

The History of Louisa Pennington.

In one of the most fertile parts of Yorkshire, resided a gentleman of the name of Pennington, whose ample fortune and extensive landed property became actually proverbial. —The secret satisfaction which is experienced from the benevolent disposal of riches, Mr. Pennington enjoyed in an eminent degree; and he felt the liveliest gratitude to that Being who had made him the dispenser of so many comforts to those, who, otherwise, had wanted the necessaries of life.—Still, as it is in the nature of man to sigh after some unenjoyed possession, Mr. Pennington long sighed for an heir to his immense estates; and at length Providence gratified his wishes, by the birth of the heroine of my tale.—This anxiously-desired treasure was received with the greatest rapture: bells rang, and bonfires blazed: oxen were roasted whole, sheep slaughtered; and nectar flowed from hogsheads of old ale.

Favored by nature no less than by fortune, the little Louisa was at once her parents' joy and pride: and, as she increased in years, she displayed a sweetness of disposition which promised them a rich harvest of future delight. Before she was capable of appreciating the value of maternal tenderness, she had the misfortune of losing her amiable parent; and this circumstance seemed to strengthen that affection which her surviving parent had previously displayed.

As Mr. Pennington possessed one of the most exalted understandings, which a superior education had polished and refined, he resolved to become the preceptor of his daughter—anticipating the sweetest satisfaction from drawing forth the latent powers of her mind.—But, as, in female education, he was aware there were a thousand refined delicacies to be attended to, which the other sex are unable to comprehend, he found it would be necessary to obtain an assistant, to aid him in the important office. In the person of Mrs. Montgomery he had the good fortune to meet wi h an able coadjutress, whom the young Louisa soon revered as a parent, and loved as a friend; whose sweetness of manners was a pattern for imitation, and whose mind was the seat of every moral excellence.—With advantages like these, it might naturally be expected that Louisa would become an amiable and accomplished young woman:—few, in fact, would have ventured to vie with her in fashionable acquirements.

If in accomplishments she excelled, in the virtues of the heart she was still more pre-eminent. Her purse was open to every being in

distress; and, by her sweet manner of conferring an obligation, she actually doubled the debt.

Such was Louisa Pennington, when she had completed her eighteenth year—and when, by the death of her father, she became undisputed heiress to an annual income of seven thousand pounds.—Ardent in her feelings, and susceptible in her disposition, the violence of her affliction knew no bounds: but, as exquisite emotions soon exhaust themselves by their violence, Louisa's grief gradually diminished in the course of a few months.

Previous to the death of Mr. Pennington, it had been determined that the family should spend the ensuing winter in town; and, as that season of the year approached, the necessary preparations for the journey at once occupied Louisa's thoughts and attention.—Colonel Desborough, a near relative to Louisa, volunteered his service to secure her a house, and engage such an establishment as was suitable to a young lady of her fortune.

Delighted, as my heroine was, at the prospect of becoming a participant in those gaieties which she had so often longed to enjoy—yet, when the moment arrived for the gratification of her wishes, she was unable to take leave of her numerous dependents without a flood of tears; and, as their reiterated prayers for her happiness followed her into the carriage, she emphatically exclaimed, "Perhaps I am quitting this spot for ever!"

—I shall pass over the few incidents which occurred on the journey, and establish my young heiress in a superb mansion in Portman Square, where the fame of her immense fortune soon attracted a crowd of admirers.

It was with the deepest regret that the amiable Mrs. Montgomery beheld the head of her former pupil become giddy with the gaieties of the town, while she entered with eagerness and avidity into every fashionable amusement. Still, that benevolence, which had flowed in such an extensive channel in the country, diffused itself among the suffering children of misfortune in the metropolis; and Miss Pennington soon became as celebrated for her beneficence, as for her various accomplishments. She had not been more than seven weeks in London, when she received the account of her steward's sudden death—a man, whose long-tried probity had endeared him to her father, and whom Louisa always treated with the respect due to an old friend. Colonel Desborough, who was one of those officious characters that delight in appearing of consequence, undertook to furnish his relative with a successor to the worthy Mr. Hemming; and pointed out the advantage she would find in retaining him in her establishment during her residence in the metropolis.

Previous to the death of Mr. Hemming, Louisa and Mrs. Montgomery had regularly inspected the domestic accounts: but, as the former often complained of the unpleasantness of the employment, and the latter as frequently commented upon the largeness of the amount, she appeared delighted with the colonel's proposal, and resolved to retain her new steward in town.

As Louisa's fondness for fashionable amusements increased, Mrs. Montgomery's influence diminished, and they no longer felt that gratification in each other's society, which they had experienced in Yorkshire; for the friendship of the latter was so sincere, that she could not behold

the slightest impropriety in the conduct of her former pupil, without warning her against a repetition. —It was not merely the unnecessary expenditure of money which called forth the warning remonstrances of Mrs Montgomery; for that Miss Pennington's ample income seemed to allow; but she had repeatedly observed the item of "*Private Expenses*" amounting from fifty to two hundred pounds.

In the extensive circle of Louisa's fashionable acquaintance, there were some whom Mrs. Montgomery could not avoid thinking exceptionable; and, with all that zeal which arises from disinterested affection, she cautioned her against too great an intimacy with them.—Louisa's mind was unfortunately tinctured with that spirit of independence, which is so natural to young people; and, instead of being influenced by these anxious representations, they appeared to excite a degree of opposition. In this society, cards were the favorite amusement. Louisa regularly played, and as regularly lost considerable sums: but, as Mrs. Montgomery was determined not to countenance an intimacy, which, she was aware, might prove so destructive in its consequences, she invariably declined the invitations.

That sweet intercourse, which arises from similar pursuits and inclinations, was soon succeeded by restrained civility, or studied etiquette: and, had not Mrs. Montgomery indulged the hope that time would show her young friend the impropriety of selecting such dangerous associates, she could not have supported the mortifications she repeatedly endured. She likewise looked forward with delight to their return into Yorkshire, and frequently painted, in the most glowing colors, the joy that Louisa's numerous pensioners would experience.—How great then must have been her disappointment at hearing that new arrangements had been made for the summer season, and that, with the persons she had so much reason to dislike, she was to become domesticated!—Petrified by the unwelcome intelligence, she for some moments remained silent; then, with all the tenderness of maternal anxiety, she explained her reasons for disapproving the plan; but, infatuated by the insinuating manners of her new acquaintance, Louisa remained inflexible.

That both the Blissingtons and the Luxmores in great measure supported their expensive establishments by their general success at the card-table, was a circumstance of such universal notoriety, that it scarcely admitted a doubt.—As both ladies, however, were nearly allied to families of the first distinction, they were countenanced in what are termed the higher circles; and, from their introduction, the heroine of my story became acquainted with several Right Honorables.

Though Louisa had firmly resisted her friend's remonstrances against the proposed excursion, yet, when she heard her declare her resolution not to become a party concerned, she had recourse to a never-failing mode of persuasion, and burst into a flood of tears.—That affection, which might truly have been termed maternal, could not withstand the force of these silent arguments; and Mrs. Montgomery consented to join the proposed party in their excursion to the lakes of Cumberland.

As I wish not to trespass upon either the time or the patience of my readers, I shall postpone my description of the effect produced by this journey to another month, leaving the heroine of my story in the act of quitting town.

(*To be continued.*)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 300.)

On the torrid plains of Asia, stands the throne of Tyranny. From the secret recesses of her palace, which lies embosomed in barren rocks and pathless deserts, her eyes survey the whole universe, which groans under her oppressive sway. The monster herself, invisible to human ken, displays only her sword and her iron sceptre. Suspicion and Terror are the inmates of her dire abode—ever busily employed in forging chains, while its gloomy dungeons incessantly echo with the sighs of unfortunate captives.

At the sight of the Batavian fleet advancing to the destined shores unimpeded by any obstacle, the infernal genius uttered a tremendous yell, which shook the heavens, the earth, and the sea; and mighty empires tottered to their foundations.—"What!" exclaimed she—"does man, the feeble sport of every element—the slave of all nature—the slave of his own passions—does man rear his audacious head, and aspire to liberty? A few of thy nations, Europe, have seemed to break my sceptre: but, of these, some, after having purchased their liberty at the expense of torrents of blood, have seen me rise again with more terrific aspect in the midst of liberty itself: others fondly imagine themselves to be free; and that illusion rivets the chains with which I keep them bound.—Lo! the Batavian, proud of his ancient independence, dares to disturb the peace of Europe by the voice of rebellion. But I am determined to subdue, to punish that insolent people, and overwhelm them with calamities which shall furnish a dreadful example to the whole universe, that all nations may henceforth learn to bear the yoke without murmuring, and, far from wishing to throw it off, may tremble at the very name of liberty."

At these words, she springs from the ground, and, cleaving the liquid air, reaches the confines of Europe, where with delighted eye she contemplates the ruins of ancient Greece, the tombs of liberty—thence accelerates her speed, and alights in the centre of Madrid.

In that accursed spot, rises a temple sacred to Fanaticism, who, under the names of Moloch, Teutatès, and other appellations, was formerly adored by various tribes, and fed with the flesh of human victims. Enraged to see himself deprived of those detestable offerings, he shed his poisoned breath over a new mode of worship; and, collecting the scattered ruins of the temples and altars which had smoked with human blood, with them he built those altars and that temple where he receives the adoration of the Spaniards. His hand brandishes a bloody poignard: paleness sits on his withered countenance; a hidden fire preys on his entrails, and sparkles from his hollow eyes.

Guided by the sombre gleam of the blazing pyres whose flame gives light to this horrid abode, Tyranny makes her way to the sanctuary of Fanaticism. Scarcely has he perceived her, when, penetrating her intentions, he exclaims—

"My eyes, equally with yours, have beheld that fleet which wafts a crowd of audacious rebels. Shall I then have sworn in vain to extend my empire over the entire globe—have raised my fallen images from the dust, and shrouded the earth in profound darkness? The darkness begins to dissipate:. various nations are preparing to rise; and, lo! the Batavian, who was subject to the Spanish yoke, and was expected to bend his proud neck before my shrine. . . . .

"Alas! those happy days are now no more, when I expelled from Spain the Moors and the Jews—when I shook the ancient Iberia to her centre, and seemed to sink her to annihilation! She lost her inhabitants, her wealth, her industry; but she retained *me*, and preserved the uniformity of one unrivaled mode of worship. To her soil I transplanted the Inquisition, there to strike deep roots, to extend and multiply its branches, and to guard her from the approaches of that arrogant philosophy which undertakes to dispel by the light of its torch the mists of darkness, under cover of which I rule the globe. Past likewise are those still happier days, when I conducted my obedient sons to the new world—when I waded through rivers of blood—when to worship me, or to perish, was the only alternative—and I thought myself the sole conqueror of the western hemisphere.

"If the Batavians be crowned with success, their example will draw away the crowd of votaries from my shrine; and these altars, erected by my own hand, will, together with myself, be hurled to the shades below. But I have yet strength remaining, and still grasp this poignard. Madrid! cease to offer me those sacrifices too slowly repeated after the lapse of each revolving year: there are other sights more grateful to my eyes. Tyranny! let us strike—let us conjure all the elements to subserve our vengeance and our triumph! let whole nations be immolated in successive hecatombs on our altars; and let the Batavian provinces, witnessing a sacrifice which shall be solemnly commemorated to the end of time, be converted into one vast pyre, to consume the entire race of their inhabitants."

"Fanaticism!" interrupted Tyranny, "we are united by a communion of interests. You serve me: I support you. Let the Batavians sink under the united efforts of our power. From this hour we swear their destruction . . . . . But the moments are precious: may we this very day accomplish it!"

Immediately the two dæmons, wrapped in a cloud which throws additional gloom o'er the darkness of night, take their way through the air, and in an instant hang hovering over the Batavian fleet.—As, during the placid course of a bright serene day, the furious hurricane, rushing from the stormy regions of the North, throws the whole atmosphere into confusion, and spreads ravage and desolation over the fertile plains, in like manner the presence alone of the two dæmons involves the ocean in chaos. The radiance of the stars is eclipsed; terrific murmurs echo from the hollow caverns of the deep; the rising waves swell into mountains, which suddenly fall and disappear in the profound abyss; Leviathan, aroused from his slumbers in affright, darts from his oozy bed, springs up toward the sky, looks around in wrath to discover who dares thus to disturb his domain, seeks his enemy all over the ocean, encounters the bellowing surges, and increases the tremendous uproar.

Separated from the rest of his fleet, William vainly endeavours to rejoin them: the Batavian shores disappear from his view: the skill of the pilot and the exertions of the seamen are alike ineffectual; and, erring at random o'er the main, his vessel is violently hurried into those seas which were first ploughed by Columbus. But Ocanor, from his grotto, beholds the hero's ship buffeted by the storm: with a motion of his hand, he puts to flight the two dæmons, who were driving it toward

a ledge of hidden rocks; and, enveloped in a radiant cloud, himself directs its course toward an adjacent island.

Assembled on the shores of the isle, a countless multitude of people were pouring forth their ardent vows to heaven in favor of those unfortunate navigators, who appeared destitute of every aid: others, embarked in frail skiffs, were sailing out, to meet and rescue them from a watery grave. Unassisted, however, by their efforts, William and his followers safely reached the land: but scarcely had they set foot on the beach, when the sea swallowed up their vessel. The warriors cast a look of consternation on the devouring abyss, and gave vent to their grief in loud lamentations. William alone preserved his wonted calmness: his unmoved steadiness impresses every mind with awe and admiration, and a general silence immediately ensues; when, addressing the surrounding multitude, "What nation is this," said he, "whose sensibility takes so lively an interest in our fate?"

A venerable senior steps forward —Aldamene, the chief of the isle —whose countenance bespeaks the virtues of his soul, and whose silver beard, low descending on his breast, inspires the beholders with respect. "We are Batavians," answered he to the hero; and, at the sound of that name, the eyes of William and his warriors glistened with joy and lively hope.

Aldamene perceived their emotion, but thus continued—

"This island, almost a desert, was the unknown seat of happiness: we have acquired possession of the soil, without staining it with blood: the mildness of our regimen has alone captivated the savage inhabitants: that race of men, rude from the hand of nature, enjoys, in common with us, all the benefits of impartial laws, and participates with us in that happy equality which they ought every-where to establish among mankind.

"A multitude of Peruvians, escaping from the general destruction of their country, took refuge in yon forests, whose shade lies almost beyond the reach of your eye. Those Peruvians, notwithstanding the horror naturally excited in their breasts by the sight of the inhabitants of the other hemisphere, cherish us as men not devoid of sympathy for their misfortunes—as friends of justice, and, above all, irreconcilable enemies to the Spaniards. The serenity of the sky produces equal serenity in our minds: we peaceably adore the great Father of nature: our offerings are simple prayers, the effusions of a pure heart; and virtue alone is with us the depositary of the laws.

"While such the happy tenor of our days, far, nevertheless, from being indifferent to the fate of that country to which we owe our origin, we feelingly participate in her misfortunes, and even reproach ourselves, at times, with the enjoyment of our felicity. The voice of fame, though in feeble imperfect sounds, has spoken to us of the patriotic efforts of a hero and his generous associates to burst the chains of the Batavians. Their names have reached our shores; and several of our number, especially my son Irthur, glow with ardent desire to follow that hero in the paths of danger. As for myself, who have formerly known him, I should esteem myself supremely blest, if, before death seal these eyes which already begin to be obscured by age, I could once more behold some of the inhabitants of that country where the chief part of my life has been spent

in the study of the laws and of justice—in the honourable but dangerous office of their guardian and defender......

"But do you, in turn, deign to inform us who you are—what are your designs—and why this warlike apparatus? Are we to suppose, that, spurred on by the desire of conquest, you come to disturb our peaceful enjoyments, and that you cannot suffer a spot on earth to remain unstained with the blood of man?—No! it cannot be: your countenances forbid the idea; they announce to us that your souls are not agitated by ferocious passions, but are open to the soft impressions of friendship. In this isle you will hear her soothing voice, and see the hand of hospitality freely stretched forth to alleviate your distresses."

"And are these, then," said William, "the Batavian shores where we were to land?—Happy people, who have escaped from the various disasters by which your country is overwhelmed!.... Venerable sage, we come not to introduce the horrors of war into your peaceful abodes: far from being enemies to the Batavians, we are......"

"O moment of bliss!" exclaimed the senior—"The magnanimity which your whole person displays, and the unshaken firmness of your demeanour, bring back to my mind a pleasing recollection......No! I cannot be mistaken—'tis to William himself I speak!"

Immediately a loud shout of universal joy rings through the air: the inhabitants of the isle unanimously congratulate each other on their happiness in giving their brethren a welcome reception on their shores: they crowd around them; they press them to their bosoms: Irthur, his companions, the women, the very children, ask them a thousand questions respecting their fate, and that of the Batavians. The aged sire entreats William and his brothers toac cept the simple asylum which his hospitable roof affords: every individual in the crowd, animated by the same sentiments with Aldamene, imitate his example, eagerly press forward, and invite the Batavians to take shelter in an abode sacred to friendship.

William in few words gratifies their curiosity: he accepts the offered asylum, asks and immediately obtains the largest of their ships, declaring that he will allow but a short space for rest and refreshment, and then depart without delay.—After having issued his orders to his followers, he withdraws from the multitude, and retires to a distance from the shore—his whole soul intent on the execution of his great designs.

(To be continued.)

The Brothers; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 309.)

Chap. 14.

"Upon my tongues, continual slanders rise,
The which in ev'ry language I pronounce—
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters?" *Shakspeare.*

The appearance of the ladies from Woodfield at Stillerness is easily accounted for. Mrs. Egerton was of a nervous, relaxed habit. She had been frequently advised to try sea air and bathing, but had never summoned resolution to move from her beloved retirement; and, though she often thought of it, would probably have let this season pass, like many others, in indecision, had not a letter arrived, which at once determined her, that, as far as her countenance could remove the stigma of

unmerited calumny, it should not be with-held.

Madame D'Almenie had represented the obloquy cast upon her unfriended state, and the cruel predicament in which it had involved the only friend she had in England, till fortune had so kindly shown her others in the ladies of Woodfield. Upon receiving this epistle, Mrs. Egerton, with the romantic enthusiasm of seventeen, rather than the matured judgement of seven and forty, hastened to Stillerness. Her acquaintance with the generous defender of insulted innocence immediately succeeded. His conduct had been consonant with all her ideas of whatever was great or good in human nature. She honored him with her highest approbation, and constantly admitted him into the select society, composed only of the two French ladies, herself, and her lovely niece. Frederic, alive only to the delights it afforded, absented himself from every other; and such hours as he could not devote to this adored circle, were spent in long solitary perambulations through the surrounding country.

No situation could be more dangerous than that of poor Julia, thus constantly associating with one who had powers of fascination, which it was not easy either for the heart or the judgement to resist. She nevertheless perceived with a regret, whose pungency was known only to herself, that this admired youth was by no means held in that estimation, which every one, admitted into the domestic intercourse of a female party, ought to be.

Miss Monson was slightly acquainted with some of the other bathers at Stillerness. From them, who brooked not the neglect of his behaviour, she heard the sarcasms thrown out against poor Richmond; but the pity and regard he inspired, prevented her repetition of them to her aunt, lest he should lose the countenance of the only respectable person who had noticed him since his last return to Stillerness.

While Julia thus hesitated, she received a letter from Mrs. Mortlake, which, after giving an account of some little commissions she had executed, and reverting to the time they had spent together at the sea-side, thus proceeded—

"We have not, it seems, formed a very respectable acquaintance at Stillerness, in Captain Richmond; which I mention, lest you should meet him hereafter, and, not knowing the general opinion in which he is held, be involved in any disagreeable dilemma.

"We were, you know, to spend a few days in the vicinity of his quarters, before we pursued our journey homewards; which gave me an opportunity of inquiring who he was: but this seems a point which no one can elucidate, as the colonel had declared he knew nothing about him, except that he was a foreign acquaintance of his son, who recommended him. Now 'tis perfectly understood, what species of acquaintances Lord Hardsburgh formed during his travels; and his recommendation is no credit to any one. Indeed, from the extraordinary proficiency of this young man in all games of skill, he is supposed to be no other than one of those *chevaliers d'industrie* who abound in the great cities of the continent, and, by aid of a genteel address, impose on that good-natured credulity by which our travelling English nobility are distinguished.

"The morality of our *ci-devant* inmate is not held to be more unimpeachable in other respects; as it seems, the sole purpose of his visit

ing Stillerness was to secure a retreat for a favorite sultana—the seduced wife of a French nobleman, who, abandoning her husband and connexions, followed her seducer to England.—He received her upon her landing; and under his protection she has since continued.

"As to the *fracas* with his lieutenant-colonel—between two such characters, nobody seems to hazard a conjecture, which was most to blame; though the event, by freeing the regiment from them both, gives general satisfaction. As to its origin, some lay it to the account of the frail fair one already alluded to, while others say it began at a card or billiard table, where Richmond's dexterity enabled him to fleece the other to a very considerable amount."

This epistle, in which, upon a very slight foundation of truth, a towering fabric of calumny was reared, had been written without any malevolence of intention, but purely from the pleasure of communicating intelligence, which, in a mind unstored with better topics than the news of the day, is generally a predominant amusement.

Though Julia could not credit, she scarcely thought herself justified in wholly disregarding, so circumstantial a detail, and, after some little deliberation, carried the letter to her aunt, by whom, for the first time, she was condemned, as siding with a malicious world, in traducing one of the most amiable of his sex.

"Great virtues, and high qualifications," pursued Mrs. Egerton, "are generally balanced by errors; and a spot upon the fairest character, like a stain on the finest cambric, is more conspicuous than on a groundwork less pure.—Envy, my dear Julia, is the predominant vice of the world; and Richmond, without any of that cold-blooded circumspection, which disguises foibles, is just formed to excite it. Fastidious intoleration of common people and common things prevents his reaping that general approbation, which those who know him best are foremost to bestow.—As to this censorious Mrs. Mortlake, far from suffering her communication to alter our conduct, let it rather operate as an incentive to prove that we despise such malignant reports, which our own knowledge is sufficient to refute. Have we not repeatedly, from his own lips, heard an unvaried detail of the circumstances that produced his resignation? and, as to poor Madame, so cruelly implicated in the affair, we are thoroughly convinced that her character and habits only require investigation, to prove themselves as amiable, as her situation is trying.

"You would stretch your hand, Julia, to save a drowning wretch, yet timidly shrink from the line of conduct which supports the virtuous against the wretched arraigners of a merit which they can never attain."

Where Mrs. Egerton was interested, she was eloquent. This long harangue, more indicative of philanthropy than judgement, was, however, decisive in regard to her niece, who made no change in her behaviour to Richmond.

Through her aunt's mistaken kindness, he was, if possible, more than ever of their parties—daily drinking fresh draughts of love: and, when the return of Sir William and Lady Monson recalled their lovely daughter, the world scarcely contained a man more lost to society and to himself—whose sensations were more poignantly alive to disappointment, and the anguish of unrequited love.

When he bade adieu to the chosen possessor of his heart, while the bitter tears, coursing each other down his cheeks, testified the fervency of

those wishes he uttered for her felicity, he faintly articulated, "Julia! I love you!"

More perhaps he might have uttered: but she felt the avowal unauthorised by their knowledge of each other; while—an innate sense of rectitude controling the most ardent emotions of her heart—she refused to listen to the effusions of his. Though an unconcerned spectator might have seen how much it cost her to impose silence on the man she loved, the agony he felt prevented his perception of her sentiments; and, while with delight he could recall a hundred instances of distinction with which she had treated him, it seemed doubtful, whether they might not simply be attributed to the engaging suavity of her manner, ever sedulous to please those with whom she associated.

At some times he blamed himself for not having gained a more explicit explanation of her sentiments. Then he considered, that, had this led her to reject him, he must have lost even that little gleam of hope, which, in spite of his better judgement, occasionally diffused a ray, that pierced through the gloom which enveloped him; and again he inquired in his own mind, had he ever gained her love, what could have been the event. Could he have submitted to the humiliating detail of who and what he was? acknowledged that his condition was in fact that of a needy adventurer, who, when his present stock of cash was exhausted, must rely upon chance for a supply? or, could he ask the woman he adored, to assume a doubtful name, or share a degraded state?

That a man, unused to think beyond the passing hour, should fall the prey of these bitter reflexions, can scarcely be wondered at. His health sank in the conflict; and a fever almost annihilated an existence, which, to its possessor, seemed fraught but with misery.

Julia, likewise, returned far less happy than when she quitted home. Her attachment was so little sanctioned by the opinion of the world, which she had always been taught to respect—so much at variance with those ideas of propriety by which she had hitherto regulated her conduct—that she no longer possessed that degree of self-approbation, without which, all other pleasures lose their zest. With a fortitude, however, highly laudable, she strove to conquer what she could not but condemn: she redoubled her tender assiduities towards Sir William—never suffered herself to be a moment unemployed—and, far from seeking the indulgence of solitude, partook of every offered amusement, with an apparent alacrity.

CHAP 15.

Come, sit by my side, while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw—
A temper, the devil himself could not bridle—
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle.

Swift.

We must now again bring forward a youth, whose path our hero seemed destined to traverse.

In the lapse of time since Frederic Saint-Villiers first blazed forth in the circles of fashion, many events equally extraordinary had occurred: but the only one, at all connected with his history, was the death of Lord Blenmore, a few months previous to the present time; by which his sapient son, Lord Thackwood, was now elevated in rank, and increased in fortune; but, alas! in wisdom or in judgement, as deficient as ever, and so imbecile in mind, that it was almost a necessary addition to his existence, to have some one to control his motions, and re-

gulate his opinions. Matrimony was the only point on which he had very earnestly bent his mind—not from any predilection for the conjugal state, or preference for any one happy fair one, but solely to destroy the expectations of those gentlemen, on whom the late earl had entailed all his property, in case of his son's decease without children.

His lordship was at present taken in tow by Sir Bettesworth Harrop, one of the most needy baronets of the times, and whose extravagance often reduced him to situations that rendered the *agrémens* of a friend's house preferable to the *désagrémens* of his own. His lady, meanwhile, was obliged to live with a brother, who—being a widower, with an only daughter of seventeen, heiress to immense wealth—was happy to grant her an asylum. Sir Bettesworth had just that sort of imposing tone, and subservient abilities, which made him be regarded as a model by the present Lord Blenmore; and, while he affected to understand every thing—to be equally a *connoisseur* in the fine arts and beauty—his frivolous companion took the base metal for sterling coin; and, though he was in every respect treated as a convenience, and made the mere tool of the moment, he even felt a sort of reflected consequence from this intimacy.

They were at present spending a few weeks at the earl's seat in Yorkshire, and, along with a large party, dined at Manningdale Hall, a few days after Miss Monson's return to it.—A slight indisposition of her ladyship occasioned her daughter to do the honors of the house. Sir Bettesworth Harrop was in raptures with the grace and beauty of their lovely hostess:—the earl, of course, expressed still higher admiration. The next day they met again. Fate threw them together, no less than three times more, in the course of a week; and at length his lordship declared that his election was now fixed upon Miss Monson.

Sir Bettesworth had really felt the admiration he expressed: but, on seeing it so rapidly excite a tender flame in the *tindery* heart of his noble companion, he gave an hour's consideration, as to the eligibility of checking or confirming it. On the one hand, he dreaded any influence that might counteract his own over this weak young man: but he foresaw, that, sooner or later, it would be acquired; and it seemed there was less probability of its being carried with a rigorous hand by such a lady as the subject of his present cogitation, than by a high-bred woman of quality, who might not admit a participator in the dominion she should choose to hold. He even began to think, that, over an innocent unhackneyed mind like that of Miss Monson, he might acquire considerable ascendency; and his imagination, once suffered to run riot upon the subject, anticipated that the attachment, which could never be awakened by an object like Lord Blenmore, might, by a due application of such artifices as have led many an unsuspecting fair one to destruction, be fixed upon himself.

With this nefarious idea to spur him on, Sir Bettesworth resolved that no time should be lost, and accordingly used all his power over the unwary peer, to forward the scheme.

In a short time, proposals were made in form. Lady Monson was more displeased than she could decently avow, at such a proof of her daughter's charms: yet, as they had produced so flattering an overture, she conned over all the *agrémens* resulting from splendid alliances, and

the advantage of having the usurper of Sir William's affections (as she termed her) removed to a distance.

The good baronet himself had no thought, no wish, but for the happiness of this beloved child. To place her in a situation worthy her merits, was the darling wish of his soul: but it became more than a question, whether the splendor she would possess was adequate to the deficiencies which a heart like hers must feel, when united to a man incapable of appreciating her excellencies, or proving the affectionate lover, the faithful friend, who alone could constitute the felicity of such a woman as he sought.

While thus balancing in his own mind all that could be thought of, either for or against such a marriage, Sir William's opinion was at once decided, by the energy with which Julia entreated his sanction for refusing the proposals of the Earl of Blenmore—declaring that the acceptance of them would devote her to misery, which could terminate only with her life.

A less powerful pleader, in such a case, would perhaps have decided it: but the urgency of her who was principally concerned was not to be resisted. The earl was civilly rejected: but the momentary comfort which Julia derived from this acquiescence with her wishes, was interrupted by the bitter taunts and querulous repinings of her mother.

When her ladyship had once brought herself to tolerate the idea of her daughter's marriage, it was too much to have all the pains she had taken for that purpose thrown away; and that, instead of nuptial gaiety, splendid equipages, and all the glittering appendages which mark the change of condition, things were to go on just in their old humdrum way.

"Indeed, I know not," she would say to Julia, "how such conduct agrees with all your fine pretensions of filial and sisterly affection. I suppose you know, if Sir William dies before Adolphus is of age, there can be nothing done for any of you.—*You* might have spared us many an uneasy hour, by securing a good establishment for yourself, and a desirable connexion for the rest of the family."

In this strain would Lady Monson so constantly assail poor Julia, that nothing but the conscious approbation of her own heart, and the soothing tenderness of her father, could have supported her under these reproaches, and the cruel anticipations, which they presented in the blackest points of view. Her spirits, however, were so completely harassed, that her health began to suffer: and Sir William, ever attentive to the peace and happiness of his darling child, proposed a temporary absence from home.

To go into scenes of gaiety, or where she might have a chance of meeting Lord Blenmore, was what Miss Monson could not think of: but, when Sir William mentioned a visit to her aunt, she gladly acquiesced, and, in a few days more, was again in the romantic seclusion of Woodfield.

(To be continued.)

The Highland Hermitage.

(*Continued from page* 319).

Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Pembrook.——In continuation.

That extraordinary and affecting letter brought every dissenting voice over to the favorable opinion which Middleton had ever entertained of Mrs. D'Anville. The answer he returned, I hope, had the effect of soothing the mind of that poor unfortunate lady.—You may suppose that

we were all very anxious for the return of Mrs. Mordaunt: but we heard no more of the D'Anvilles, till some time after Middleton had quitted the Abbey. Lady Granville sent frequently to the Hill: but Mrs. Mordaunt was not yet returned. At length, one morning, her name was announced: she was dressed in mourning:—every heart palpitated for fear this sable garb was worn for the unknown lady, for whom we all felt a very tender concern.

After the common salutations, Lady Granville, with an expression of anxiety in her countenance, inquired after Mrs. D'Anville. But our fears were agreeably dissipated, by Mrs. Mordaunt informing us that her sister was on the recovery, and was then with her at the Hill; that her mourning was for her unhappy brother, who, she hoped, had expiated by his penitence the crimes he had committed. "You have, no doubt, my lady, seen the letter Mrs. D'Anville sent to Mr. Middleton, and from that understood that her husband was obliged to flee his country.

"The miserable D'Anville," continued Mrs. Mordaunt, "had scarcely reached Calais, when the violent fatigues he had undergone, and the great agitation of his spirits, brought on a fever, which, in a few days, grew to such a height, that his life was despaired of. He was delirious till within a few hours of his death, when the just Power, whose laws he had violated, granted him an interval of reason, to confess his transgressions, and supplicate for mercy. He dictated a letter to his unhappy wife, imploring her forgiveness for the miseries he had heaped upon her, and pathetically lamenting the fate of the gentleman, whom, in the paroxysm of passion, he had cruelly assassinated. He concluded with fervent wishes for her future happiness, and that it might be possible for her to bury the remembrance of his crimes with him in the grave. Having eased his mind by an open confession of his faults, he lived to settle his worldly affairs, and then expired quiet and composed.

"It would be difficult as well as painful," continued she, "to describe my own and my sister's feelings when we received the intelligence of the death of a man in the prime of life, to whom we were so nearly connected.—Mrs. D'Anville long lingered in a very precarious state of health:—as soon as the physicians would give me leave, I brought the poor sufferer with me to the Hill; and it is now my fondest hope, that I shall see her peace and health once more restored. But the chief purport of my visit, my dear Lady Granville, is to express, as well as I am able, the deep sense of gratitude with which the mind of Mrs. D'Anville is impressed for the great delicacy that has been observed toward her, particularly in not making a late unfortunate affair public, or commencing a prosecution against a poor misguided being, who is now no more. The person most materially interested in this affair, they were informed, had quitted the Abbey. To him then Mrs. D'Anville could not make her acknowledgements; and ill health put it out of her power to do herself the honor of waiting on Lady Granville. Will you then, my lady," continued Mrs. Mordaunt, "kindly condescend to visit a most amiable, most unfortunate being, who has long been a stranger to such society as yours?"

Lady Granville, who is all urbanity and good will, expressed in the softest terms her sympathy for the

gentle widow—Miss Lenox was particularly affected: the tears flowed down her pale face, as she listened to the account of Mrs. D'Anville's sufferings, and anticipated the pleasure she should receive from an acquaintance with a lady, of whom she had already formed the highest opinion.

The next morning, Lady Granville, Miss Lenox, and your friend, went to Marble Hill, and were introduced to Mrs. D'Anville. She received us with a graceful ease, which a timidity, that seems natural to her, did not lessen. I was struck with her form, which was perfectly elegant, but reduced beyond any thing you can conceive. Her skin seemed quite transparent: there did not appear any thing corporeal about her; and my fancy, at that moment, viewed her as a charming visionary being, whose contexture was too delicate for an earthly abode. And then, her "lack-lustre eye" (as Shakspeare expresses it) was the weeping testimony of sorrow and disease. But, if I may be allowed to form a judgement from such an emaciated appearance, she was never, even in high health, by any means handsome: her face is plain; but how amply, in her, has nature supplied the want of beauty! There is that undescribable charm about her—that charm so seldom to be met with—that a mere beauty, with the vanity which generally accompanies beauty—if placed beside Mrs. D'Anville—could not help finding herself shrink into nothing. Her neck, hands, and arms, are the most perfect, for shape and color, of any I ever saw.

I perceived Mrs. D'Anville was as much struck with the form of Miss Lenox, as I had been with hers. Indeed Miss Lenox is a very interesting figure. Totally inattentive to dress, clothes the simplest and easiest to put on, are the most agreeable to her: yet is this negligence infinitely more becoming to her, than the most studied and costly attire could be.—She is yet so weak, that she cannot bear the fatigue of having her hair dressed. As she stood before Mrs. D'Anville, one of her fine brown locks fell from under her cap, and curled on her shoulder: her eyes swam in tears; and the exercise had brought a beautiful bloom into her pale cheek. Trembling, and hardly able to stand, she held the hand of Mrs. D'Anville in hers, without speaking. The weeping widow looked wistfully up in her face, while a something, too faint to be called a blush, came and went in her cheeks. With some difficulty, her words found utterance; and, addressing herself to Matilda—

"My dear lady," said she, "what is this nameless something, which, though perfect strangers to each other, connects my soul so intimately with yours?"—"I know not," answered Miss Lenox in tremulous accents: "but I too feel that something which cannot be defined. I feel that you, my dear madam, are infinitely dear to me. You have been unhappy, madam," continued Matilda. "Would to Heaven" (lifting up her eyes suffused with tears) "it might be in the power of Matilda Lenox to sooth and compose your wounded mind! Are there not charms in friendship, my dear lady, that may for a while deaden the sense of anguish in a care-worn sufferer?"

"Permit me," exclaimed Lady Granville, interrupting her daughter, "to join with my Matilda, in soliciting the honor of Mrs. D'Anville's confidence.—Think as little as possible, my dear madam, on past misfortunes, which wound

your peace, and retard returning health. Sorrow and pain are the lot of mortality: the good and the evil of this life may possibly appear to us erring mortals sometimes to be partially distributed: but I am sure I need not tell Mrs. D'Anville that it is our duty to submit, with resignation, to the decrees of Omnipotence. I fear, from her extreme sensibility, she too keenly feels the evils of life. Let hope, that sweet beguiler of human sorrows, that "leads us on from day to day," bid you look forward to happier prospects. Let me, madam—let my daughter, with Lady Louisa Falkland, and the good Mrs. Mordaunt, have the happiness of thinking that it may be in our power to supply, in some degree, the place of those friends you have lost."

I would, if possible, dear Charlotte, convey to you some idea of the attitude and profound attention with which Mrs. D'Anville regarded Lady Granville, while she so affectionately addressed her, and the expression of confidence that gradually animated her drooping features.—Mrs. D'Anville let fall the hand of Miss Lenox, while she respectfully pressed one of Lady Granville's to her bosom, and thus replied—

"I am not insensible to the joys of friendship: but your ladyship's kindness forcibly reminds me of a dear connexion I never knew—I mean the maternal one. Happy Miss Lenox in such a mother! equally happy Lady Granville in such an amiable daughter! The heart of D'Anville beats with a grateful sense of your generous attention to her. I have been unhappy, ladies—very unhappy: but my tale of woe is too long for verbal communication. I have a paper, in which I have written down the most material passages of my life. This paper was not originally intended for any one's perusal, but my own:—it is full of inaccuracies; and I fear that the misfortunes I have experienced are painted with too high a coloring. But let it be remembered that I was young and sanguine in my hopes of happiness—that I was born to better prospects—and that I was, at that very time, sinking under the most unkind treatment. The writing of this long history afforded me a temporary amusement, and sometimes beguiled an hour of pain and woe.

"Having premised thus much in my own defence, I will submit this packet to your ladyship's perusal, and will trust to your candor in judging of some parts which your cooler reason may prompt you to condemn. With the same, and perhaps greater confidence, I can trust to the favorable decision of these young and gentle ladies, who will meet with an account of some very delicate and embarrassing situations—such, as I very sincerely wish they may ever be strangers to. My story is brought down to a period in which I thought my troubles could not admit any new addition.—What has happened to me since my residence under this friendly roof, you, ladies, are too well acquainted with."

So saying, she drew the packet from her pocket, and gave it into the hands of Miss Lenox; and then, quite overpowered, she sunk back on the sofa, and sobbed audibly. When a little recovered, she begged our pardon, saying she was weak, very weak, both in body and mind.—Lady Granville arose to take her leave, as she was fearful the conversation had fatigued her too much.

Mrs. D'Anville is a most amia-

ble and deserving woman:—Miss Lenox and she are inseparable.

I will make no comments on this sad story. Your Emma will shed a deluge of tears over the tale of Mrs. D'Anville's sorrows: and I am sure, when you see her, you will feel the same sentiments of esteem and love, with which she has inspired every one here.

Adieu, my sweet friend! I shall be the happiest creature in the world, when I can assemble the beloved society of this place, with you and your sister at the Grove; which I hope soon to do. You will not disappoint me.—Most affectionately yours, LOUISA FALKLAND.

(To be continued.)

The PLEASURES *of* BENEVOLENCE.

(Concluded from page 321.)

LADY Mortimer too well knew Martha's propensity to talking, to imagine she could easily be awed into silence.—"Our lives are in the hand of Providence," continued her ladyship, deeply sighing: "but, as I before observed, Mrs. F**d and her children have all paid the debt of nature; and the husband and father, who has survived them, rests all his hopes of happiness upon my dear Adolphus.—But, were this young man, who has been taught to entertain high notions of honor and rectitude, ever to become acquainted with the improprieties of his father's conduct, I am persuaded he would not feel the slightest affection for him."—"No," exclaimed Martha"—he would hate and detest him! particularly, if he had been old enough to remember, what an angel his mother was."—"Martha," said Lady Mortimer, in a grave and rather displeased accent, "you do not seem to have paid much attention to the precepts of your divine Master, who, when the woman, accused of adultery, was brought before him, said, 'Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone at her."—"Oh! bless you, my lady!" said the embarrassed Martha, "I don't pretend to be without my faults: but I hope, my lady! you don't think me capable of breaking a poor innocent creature's heart."

Lady Mortimer, finding it would be as impossible to prevent a stream from flowing, as Martha from condemning Mr. F**d, briefly related the motive which had influenced her to educate Adolphus under the belief that his father was dead; and that which would now induce her to inform him that his father had been taken prisoner.

"I am sure, my lady, I should never go *for to* contradict any thing you choose to say; but I *hopes* Mr. Adolphus won't go *for to ax* me whether I liked his father: for, if I was to say Yes, you know, my lady, it would be a downright story."—"I think such a question extremely improbable, Martha," rejoined Lady Mortimer: "but you might evade it, by saying you saw very little of your master; and *that* certainly, according to your own account, will not be deviating from truth."—"Oh! for the matter of that, my lady, I *could not* see much of him," said Martha: "for, week after week, he was never at home."—"I have now, Martha," said her ladyship, "proved my confidence in you; and I trust you will not say any thing to forfeit my good opinion."—"I would cut my tongue out sooner, my lady," said Martha in an energetic tone of voice: then, dropping a low courtesy to her ladyship, she quitted the room, without even looking at the man she detested.

As soon as Martha had quitted the room, Lady Mortimer informed

Mr. F**d that she would go and prepare her beloved Adolphus for the interview; "and, if you value your own peace, my dear Sir," said that amiable woman, "drop not a word that can give him reason to imagine your conduct to his mother was reprehensible."—Her ladyship found the object of her affection, as usual, deeply intent upon his studies; but, the moment she entered, he observed the trace of tears upon her countenance, and exclaimed, "Heavens! my beloved mother! you have been weeping!—Who is that stranger? what can have been his business?" inquired he, tenderly kissing her hand.—"Business most important—most unexpected, my dear Adolphus! and in which *you* are materially interested."

A death-like paleness overspread the fine features of Adolphus. "Oh! my beloved mother! for such I must ever call you—keep me not in suspense! What business can it have been, to draw tears from the eyes of my benefactress, my mother—my more than mother, and friend?" exclaimed Adolphus, pressing her hand to his agitated breast.—"There is nothing to depress or agitate your feelings, my dear, my ever dear Adolphus! Yet I have a tale of wonder, a romantic tale, to unfold."

"I am all attention, dearest madam," said Adolphus. "You have relieved my heart from an insupportable load: in fact, if *you* are not to feel the shafts of misfortune, *I* can singly brave every species of sorrow."—Lady Mortimer embraced the being who had expressed so tender an interest in her happiness; and related her story without any interruptions.—"And does this father, who never took any pains to discover whether I was really dead, or living, expect me to leave you?" inquired the ardent youth, with much trepidation in the tone of his voice.

"No, my dear Adolphus, he has generously assured me," replied Lady Mortimer, "that he will not attempt to separate us."—"It is well," said Adolphus: "for I have some faint recollection that he acted cruelly by my sainted mother."—"Did Martha instil this idea into your bosom?" inquired her ladyship anxiously.—"No," replied Adolphus. "As far as I can remember, I never mentioned him to her: but I experience none of those ardent emotions which are so natural—and which I am certain would have burst forth with energy, had my mother been restored!"

"Lukewarmness in such a situation is surely unnatural, my Adolphus."—"It may be so, my dear madam," Adolphus replied: "but let me, if you please, behold this new-found father. My filial feelings may perhaps be roused by the sight."—Lady Mortimer placed her arm under that of Adolphus—when the former threw open the door of the drawing-room—"I present you," said she "with an earthly treasure—one that you cannot too highly value."

"Image of my sainted......" Here his voice faltered, and he burst into a violent flood of tears; then straining Adolphus to his throbbing bosom, he calmed his feelings, and said, "I bless God for restoring thee to me, my son!"—Though Adolphus was evidently agitated, he displayed none of those tender emotions so natural to his situation; but, when he described to his father Lady Mortimer's maternal kindness, he was all energy, gratitude, and enthusiasm.

The carriage was ordered to be put up; a bed was prepared for Mr.

F**d; and the trio did not separate until one o'clock; and the next morning Adolphus accompanied his new-found father to see a gentleman's seat which was to be sold in the neighbourhood.—Money was nothing, situation every thing, to Mr. F**d; and, as the mansion in question was not more than three miles from Lady Mortimer's elegant abode, Mr. F**d unhesitatingly acceded to the proposed terms of purchase.

Though endowed with the most fascinating powers of conversation, a knowledge of Mr. F**d's real character acted as an antidote to Lady Mortimer's regard; and, though, to gratify Adolphus, she treated him with the greatest politeness, her feelings were somewhat similar to honest Martha's.—It was in vain he implored Lady Mortimer to persuade that independent-spirited woman to receive an annuity, as a reward for her attention to the being whom he had so cruelly injured. "*Don't ax* me, my lady," said she, "to receive *nothing* from him; for, rather than do it, I believe I should starve."

Though Adolphus was never deficient in external marks of attention to his father; yet, to a careful observer, it was evident that those attentions did not flow from the heart; for so strong was the imperfect impression he had received in childhood, that he was a stranger to the sensation of filial regard.—The expensive style of life in which he lived, united to his intimacy with Lady Mortimer, soon attracted a numerous crowd of acquaintance; and, in less than a twelvemonth after his establishment in the neighbourhood, the being who had protested he should spend the remainder of his life in mourning for his past transgressions, married a young lady of nineteen.—This circumstance, so far from giving Adolphus the slightest uneasiness, relieved him from that constant attendance at the Abbey, which was irksome to his feelings; and he soon perceived his father's affection was too much absorbed by his young and beautiful companion, to regret the loss of his society.

Previous to his marriage, however, Mr. F**d vested five and twenty thousand pounds for Adolphus in the funds, in case a future heir should arise to claim that immense fortune, which he had repeatedly told his son was all his own.—This precaution proved very fortunate for Adolphus; as, in ten months after this unequal marriage, an heir actually appeared. But he was not destined to enjoy the caresses of a father; for Mr. F**d was killed by a fall from his horse, a few hours before the child was born.

Rectitude and principle then taught Lady Mortimer the necessity of explaining to her beloved Adolphus the illegitimacy of his birth; who felt more sensibly wounded by a circumstance which stamped so much infamy on the author of his existence, than by the loss of fortune.—"Well might I never feel," said he, "those exquisite sensations, which naturally arise between son and father! In fact, my heart, instead of yearning towards him, revolted at every mark I received of his affection."

Time, however, gradually blunted the poignancy of his feelings. Convinced of the folly of repining at an irremediable misfortune, he resolved to support the mortification his father's misconduct had brought upon him, with dignity and resignation.—Toward the amiable Lady Mortimer, he daily displayed an increase of affection: never was parent more completely blest in a son,

than that benevolent woman, in the child of her adoption, and the being whom she so fondly loved.

On Courtship *and* Marriage.

Marriage has been called, by some cynical beings, "the end of love:"—that it is not so, many thousands, who are happy in that state, can prove. Instead of being the end of love, it should be the beginning of it. It is a sad abuse of love, to say that it is but the vapor of courtship, which lingers round the heart for a few months, and disappears at the ceremony of marriage, as if the one were incompatible with the other. That this is sometimes the case, there is no doubt—I might say, too often the case; for, to be so at all, it must be too often: but it may be easily explained, I think, by the deceptious appearances generally put on during courtship; and, in these deceptious appearances, there is a mutuality and reciprocity in the conduct of both parties. Temper is disguised: circumstances are disguised: the behaviour of one to the other is disguised, at least so far as to be very different from what either intends it to be after marriage:—flattery is used; and the result must be, that, when they come together, disappointment ensues: coolness follows disappointment; while disgust and hatred wait behind, ready to appear upon the slightest occasion.

Courtship, to be followed by happiness in matrimony, should be very different from the above picture of it. The truest affection is where esteem almost appears to be stronger than passion. The one is pure and lasting, the other violent, but transitory. A beginning in true esteem will make an ending in sincere love. During courtship, men should endeavour to behave, as nearly as possible, in a similar way to what they would do when married; making, of course, a proper allowance for the little pleasures and amusements common in courtship. The lady must not be debarred from these; nor should the little presents, so usual, be neglected; but certainly every thing overstrained or forced, and that cannot be nearly followed up in wedlock, should be sedulously avoided; for it is quite unquestionable, that the party who deceives the other will find him or her self deceived, when it is too late for remedy. Ladies, during this period, have a very difficult part to act: they not only have to avoid deception as much as the men, and for the same reason: but there are numerous other little matters to attend to, which influence the minds of men more than is generally thought. Coquetry, during the period of courtship, should be avoided by them, as a sort of bane. A female may unthinkingly appear rather too kind to some other gentleman, than to her intended husband; but she must remember that jealousy is even stronger before marriage than after, and that one foolish step of this sort, though taken with the utmost purity, may lose her an amiable man. But, if the motive or coquetry and flirting with other men be the result of affectation and vanity, or a wish to try (as it is called) the soundness of their lover's intention, then they do not deserve a sensible man for a partner; nor indeed are they likely to get such a one. The moment when a man of sense discovers this propensity in a female, is almost universally the last of his affection for her: a well-regulated mind cannot brook it. He looks to find a woman endued with a mind congenial to his own, who may be his yoke-fellow for years—who may share his glad-

ness and his grief—who may be the soother of the aching head of pain, and the prompt adviser in moments of difficulty and danger: and can such a mind be expected in a coquette? Never!—But, when two persons meet, whose minds are in unison, and who, with a candor as useful as it is honorable, abandon deception during courtship, and give each other a fair earnest of what may be expected after marriage, they have more than a chance, they have almost a certainty, of happiness.

Two very great sources of misery in matrimony are, first, that persons either make a headstrong match very early in life, without consulting any one on the propriety or impropriety of so doing, and without having judgement sufficient of their own to investigate the character of the person they are to be united to; or, second, from their being driven into it entirely upon the opinion of others—generally the opinion of parents, who, having carefully weighed and measured the property on both sides, decide that the thing is to take place; and it accordingly does, without an iota of affection on either side. In these cases, little hope of happiness is to be found. But I almost think that there is a better chance of it in the latter, than in the former; for, in the latter, the parties are certainly not blinded by passion; and esteem surely may, and, it is to be hoped, often does, follow the union, and grow at length into love: in the former, when passion cools, too often we see that misery succeeds the matrimonial union; and they part, as Cowper says,

> "Without the least regret,
> Except that they had ever met."

Matrimony should be encouraged. We live in an age when it is too little thought of, and, instead of being held in any thing like estimation, it is made a general laughing-stock. Every libertine fancies himself privileged to throw out his innuendoes and his stale jokes against it; and, if any acquaintance of his should get married, the circumstance affords him *fun* for at least a week. He begins by inserting in the newspapers fine hoaxing account of it: the lady is described as handsome and rich in the extreme and, whether their circumstance are such as to afford it, or not, an whether the fact is so, or not, th happy pair are made to travel in post-chaise and four to Bath, Che tenham, or some other fashionabl watering-place, which may happe to be in season. In this very in teresting piece of wit, all that h can hope to accomplish, is, to mak the minds of a virtuous woman an her husband uncomfortable: b there is a small drawback to his s tisfaction (supposing they are wea enough to be at all vexed at it) an that is, he has to pay pretty han somely for each hoax of this so He follows up his amusement by sorts of jokes upon poor Benedic as he calls him; but, after all, go home to his solitary pillow, mo miserable infinitely than any of weak endeavours can have made t married man; and there is but lit doubt his slumbers are even inte rupted by his very envy of friend's superior happiness. Such man might easily be checked, a would soon cease to think hims a wit, did every man of sense tr his fooleries with the conten which they really merit; and I a sure every man of sense must f inclined so to do: but it seems a of fashion to encourage all this; married men are as little behin hand in joining in such jokes as a other. To be sure, this sort of cond

cannot operate much in the way of prevention; but it may in a trifling degree; and, being anxious to see marriage as respected and respectable as it deserves to be, I do wish it were entirely done away. Many young men may be deterred by the hard times; and I will do the ladies the credit to believe, that, in this matter, they are more venturous than we are; but it is at best a mere bugbear. I dare venture to assert, that ninety-nine young men out of a hundred, let their situations and circumstances in life be either high or low, would live for as little, many of them for less, when married, than they did when single: and, as for the burden of children, it is less than imagined by the theorist; for, besides the delight they afford their parents in rearing, it must be remembered, that when reared, they are often of infinite use to a parent in his profession in life, be it what it may; and, if that parent should be unfortunate in old age—should want be his bitter portion—how often do we see the son or daughter rescuing a father or mother, or both, from the gripe of poverty, and rendering their latter days, if not affluent, at least easy, and smoothing their rugged pathway to the tomb! Surely there is reason on the side of matrimony, even if love should not warm the flinty heart.

Bachelors and maidens! be advised then; and remember, that a fond and faithful wife or husband is a blessing not to be bought, but to be won by kindness, and by a heart unknowing deception, beating in unison with that of the object of its affection. Get yourselves married, and prove to the world, by your happiness afterwards, that wedlock is a state to be envied, not reprobated—sought after, not shunned—desired, not detested!

BENEDICT.

YESTERDAY, TO-MORROW, *and* TO-DAY.

A rhapsodical Fragment.

WHAT is Yesterday? a name given to what is dead, which, but for its death, could not have had a name. Yesterday gives up the very pretension to life. His fate is strange! Good deeds may have been done during his existence, or crimes may have marked his progress: but they are buried with him in the grave of time. True it is, their effects remain, to bless or punish the beings who transacted them. The moment Yesterday is christened, is the moment that proves him dead. He leaves a survivor, whose name is "*To-Day*"—the name that Yesterday previously possessed—and whose fate will be to receive his predecessor's new name, and to follow him to the region of silence and death, to-morrow.

To-Morrow's fate is still more singular:—he can never be said to live; but he never perishes. When the clock at night peals out twelve, fancy may picture him as being born; and, during the dull hours of darkness, his expected approach may excite all the feelings of which our nature is capable. The crime-covered wretch anticipates his coming with fear—the lover, with impatience—the calm philosophic man, with unmoved placidity: but he disappoints them all:—he never comes:—loved and dreaded as he is, still he shrouds himself in obscurity, and remains unseen. He is like a disembodied spirit, which is permitted to haunt the mind of man: he is ever suggesting to us that the day is departing, that it is sinking to the tomb of its predecessor Yesterday; and either buoys up the mind with hope, or harrows it with fear, of what he himself shall produce:—but, lo! the morning breaks; and it is To-Day.

This is the best boon of Heaven to man. To-Day gives us every opportunity of improving our existence, and becoming—what the Omniscient intended we should become —useful members of society, virtuous and happy beings. The past vanishes from our view: a glorious future opens upon the sight:—but let us not wait for the promised To-Morrow's arrival, to improve that future: let To Day engross all our attention, as the future will be either happy or miserable according to our present deeds.—If we look back upon Yesterday, it is a very shadow, empty and useless as the promised gifts of To-Morrow.

PRUDENCE *and* DISCRETION.
(From Dr. Cogan's "Ethical Treatise on the Passions.")

PERSONAL prudence expresses such a propriety of disposition and conduct, in every circumstance and situation, as shall be the surest protection from any apparent evil, and most productive of the greatest advantage, upon the whole, to the agent. Prudence is the offspring of just discernment; and hence it has acquired the name of practical wisdom. It can only exist, when there has been a due exercise of those important faculties of the soul, attention, inquiry, consideration, and reflexion, relative to the things which immediately concern us, as these are preparatory to accurate conceptions, right discrimination, legitimate inference, and the final decisions of the judgement, by which the prudential conduct is ultimately directed. Prudence is therefore founded upon a knowledge of the nature, tendency, and consequences, of facts, derived from the observation and experience of others, or of ourselves; and a determination to act in the most beneficial manner.

Personal prudence manifests itself in being upon our guard against every thing that may prove injurious. Where this is impracticable, it submits to a less evil, in order to escape a greater. It gives the preference to the best objects which present themselves to our choice, that we may not rest in an inferior good, where the superior is within our reach. It implies an attention to the proper means of accomplishing the desired end, due exertions in the application of the means, and a firm resolution to persevere in the right path, in the midst of many difficulties, and in opposition to every seduction. It carefully avoids that rashness and precipitancy of conduct, which might augment present troubles, or induce evils at a future period; but it acts with spirit and promptitude, when deliberation and indecision might be injurious or fatal. Prudence has learned to appreciate the means of good in our possession, according to their respective degrees of worth, and the consciousness of our own merit in the attainment; and thus it indulges a spirit of contentment, satisfaction, and complacency—those sources of immediate enjoyment. It is cautious not to relinquish present advantages, without the assurance of something preferable. It avoids every risk, where a failure would induce more of misery, than success could confer of benefit. It implants patience in painful and distressing situations, while it encourages hope; and it excites to such exertions, as are rational and promising, in situations the most distressing and perilous. It effectually suppresses every turbulent, unruly, and self-tormenting passion, which at the moment of indulgence often inflicts much greater misery, than the evils resented. It employs every faculty of mind and body, in a manner correspondent

with the laws of their destination, without abuse or excess.

Imprudence, on the contrary, is the child of culpable ignorance, or of thoughtless inattention, or of those strong and passionate propensities to immediate gratification, which create an indifference to future consequences. Imprudence is mostly governed by the present feelings, and is hurried into action by the impulse of the moment. It is occasioned by a quick and vivid perception of some quality in an object, that is of a delusive influence, without the exercise of any of those faculties of mind, by which alone the final issue of every action can be fully discovered. Although imprudence cannot be accused of a malevolent design, for no one can wish evil to himself, yet it is continually productive of mischief, for it is either blind to dangers and difficulties, or it wantonly and impotently braves them. It is continually prone to neglect and despise a superior good, which it may already possess, and to indulge in a craving after phantoms, which a deluded imagination has represented as more important realities. Under actual sufferings, the impatience, discontent, and envyings, which it inspires, increase the anguish; and it attempts to obtain a release by transports the most tormenting, or by methods which plunge the deeper into misery.

Discretion.—This virtue is frequently considered as a branch of prudence, although it primarily respects others and not ourselves. It avoids those inadvertencies in speech and conduct, which might incidentally prove injurious, or unnecessarily give offence. Indiscretion, either not perceiving, or not regarding, those attentions which, in civil society, one man expects from another, frequently excites severe displeasure, without designing to displease. Discretion is a singular compound of prudence, benevolence, and justice. It is a preservative against incidental resentments and ill-will; it is cautious not to injure the feelings of those who are deserving of our notice; and it is pained by such inadvertencies as might, in any respect, prove injurious. It is a practical discrimination suggested by a benevolent temper, respecting propriety of behaviour in circumstances peculiar and delicate; and it contributes essentially to the pleasures of social intercourse, as its operations are perpetual.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page* 82.)

On the 6th of December, 1754, I saw at Lyons a sort of mountebank who professed to eat fire, drink boiling oil, and walk over red-hot plates of iron: he had a she cousin as clever as himself.—They told me that their secret for walking over red-hot iron consisted in rubbing their feet beforehand, for a good while, with oil beaten together with a preparation of iced alum; and that, to swallow fire, nothing was requisite but to keep the mouth extremely moist. As to the trick of dropping melted sealing-wax on the tongue, nothing is required but the courage to do it. [*See an Article of the* "Medley," *page* 375.]

Man is the only animal who knows he must die. It is a melancholy consciousness, but an inevitable one, because he is endued with ideas. There are evils, then, attached of necessity to the human condition.

Many learned men resemble the stars at the pole, which travel incessantly, without making any progress.

MEDLEY.

Cautionary Anecdote of a two-penny-post Letter.—Some ladies are accustomed to send small notes or billets by the two-penny post, instead of full-sized letters—a practice, which is attended with more than usual danger of delay or miscarriage. Such diminutive billets are liable to be overlooked in collecting the letters at the receiving-house, particularly if laid aside on a shelf or under the compter, as is frequently the case, when the postage is paid in advance:—they are more apt, than large letters, to slip through the fingers of a clerk in the post-office, or of a letter-carrier in his rounds; and they are moreover exposed to another mischance *more strange than all the rest*, which will best be explained by the following plain statement of a recent fact, for the truth of which we can safely pledge ourselves, as we were present at the moment, and eye-witnesses of the occurrence. About three months since, a gentleman in *Islington*, on unsealing a letter just received by the two-penny post—and before he had unfolded the sheet—saw something fall to the floor, which, upon examination, proved to be a small billet, addressed to a lady at *Hackney*. This billet very distinctly and legibly displayed the post-mark of a

different receiving-house from that into which the gentleman's own letter had been put; whence we are led to conclude that it was at the head office in Lombard-street that the little billet found its way into the opening of the larger letter, at the moment, probably, when the letter-carriers were emptying their bags. However that may be, we recommend to our fair readers to make all their post letters of a good and *safe size*: for, although the gentleman above mentioned—not knowing whether life, fortune, or character, might not depend on that letter—lost not a moment in forwarding it to the unknown lady at Hackney—*they* may not, under similar circumstances, be always so lucky as to have their stray billets fall into such hands.

Affecting Incident, related by one of the officers of His Majesty's ship, Swallow.—In the gallant and sanguinary action which that ship maintained, against a very superior force, close in with Fréjus, a short time since, there was a seaman, named Phelan, who had his wife on board. She was stationed (as is usual, when women are on board in time of battle) to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below very fast—among the rest, a messmate of her husband's (consequently her own), who had received a musket-ball through the side. Her exertions were used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies, and nearly breathing his last; when, by some chance, she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could not one moment be restrained: she rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded tar in her arms; he faintly raised his head to kiss her:—she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage——that all would yet be well: but scarcely had she pronounced the last syllable, when an unlucky shot took off her head. The poor tar, who was closely folded in her arms, opened his eyes once more—then shut them for ever. What renders the circumstance the more affecting, was, that the poor creature had been only three weeks delivered of a fine boy, who was thus in a moment deprived of both father and mother. As soon as the action subsided, and "nature began again to take its course," the feelings of the tars, who wanted no additional incitement to stimulate them, were all interested for poor Tommy—for so he was called. Many said, and all feared, that he must die: they all agreed that he should have a hundred fathers: but who could be the substitute for a nurse and a mother? However, the mind of humanity soon discovered that there was a Maltese goat on board, belonging to the officers, which gave an abundance of milk; and, as there was no better expedient, she was resorted to for the purpose of suckling the child, who, singular to say, is thriving beyond all expectation: and so tractable is his nurse, that she now lies down when poor little Tommy is brought to be suckled by her.—Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and together consigned to a watery grave.

No noxious Reptiles in Ireland.—In our Magazine for May, page 331, we mentioned that no noxious reptiles exist in Ireland; and at the same time we related a curious settlement of a territorial dispute, decided by a reference to that circumstance.—A fair correspondent having since inquired upon what authority we advanced those facts, we answer, that various writers, of ancient and modern date, have noticed that happy exemption which Ireland enjoys: but, as it may be said that ancient writers *might* be mistaken, and that noxious reptiles *might* have existed in their time, though unobserved—a modern authority will have greater weight, because, *if* there were any, somebody would have discovered them before now. From Crutwell's "Gazetteer," therefore, (article, "Ireland") we quote the following passage (though it is as little necessary to adduce *any* authority to prove the truth of the statement, as it would be, to prove that lions and tigers are not indigenous in England—the fact, in both cases, being universally notorious).—"In Ireland, there are neither moles nor toads, nor any kind of serpents; and it is not more than seventy or eighty years* since frogs, of which there are now abundance, were first imported from England. But, though the same experiment has been made with snakes and vipers, it has happily been unsuccessful."—The settlement of the territorial dispute is related by Giraldus Cambrensis, who flourished in the reign of

* The date of Mr. Crutwell's publication is 1798.

Henry II. and is, from him, quoted by Mr. Woods, in his "Account of the past and present State of the Isle of Man," published last year.

Destruction of Bugs.—A correspondent sends us the following, as a most effectual mode of destroying bugs, which, at this season of the year, in some old houses, female industry and cleanliness try in vain to extirpate. He states that he is not aware whether the mode is new or old; he thinks it enough that it is effectual.—Let the room that is infested be closely shut up, by excluding external air as much as possible. Place a deep earthen pan in the middle of the room, with a quantity of sand in the bottom of it; in the centre of which sand, a hole must be made, large enough to contain a roll of brimstone about a foot in length, which is to be broken into the hole, and then set on fire; the operator retreating as quickly as possible, and shutting the door close after him. By this method all that are in that room will be destroyed: and there is not the slightest danger attending the operation, if the hole in the sand be made sufficiently deep, to prevent the brimstone from overflowing, while in a fluid state.

The distressed Poet.—A poet lately sent a production of his to a Magazine, written in pencil; with a note apologising to the editor for this circumstance, by stating that he was rather unhappily married, and that his wife, who was not very poetically inclined, was however so addicted to cleanliness, that she would not allow him to use ink, lest he should spatter it about; and therefore, rather than renounce the Muses, he gave up his ink, took to the pencil, and wrote his sonnets in peace.

The Angler.—A poor simple fellow was lately angling in some water belonging to a neighbouring squire not much famed for his urbanity, who, happening to pass that way, strutted up to the poor fisherman, and exclaimed, "Pray, sir, do you know that you are fishing in *my manor?*"—The other very innocently replied, "I humbly beg your pardon, sir, if I am; but, upon my word, sir, I thought that I was fishing in *my own manner.*"

Right and Left.—A country gentleman, who, for the first time, lately paid a visit to London, had a friend who lived in Wood-street, where he had been once or twice with another friend, who had always happened to take him into the street through some of the narrow courts that lead to it, when, in going towards Cheapside, the house of their friend was always on the right hand. The country gentleman noticed only this circumstance; and, having to go there himself a short time afterwards, he inquired his way to Wood-street, and was directed to the Cheapside end of it. He directly set himself to look for the house on the right hand, and, after some time came to the bottom of the street, without finding his friend's house. He felt a little surprised, turned about, and came up the other side; when, after walking some way, he came to the house, and instantly exclaimed, "I knew I could not be mistaken: *it is on the right-hand side after all.*"

Bust of Caligula.—When the Austrians took Madrid in 1709, Lord Galway searched for a celebrated bust of Caligula, which he knew to have been conveyed to Spain. After a long search, he found it at the Escurial, where it served as a weight to the church clock.

High Prices of old Books.—At the sale of the late Duke of Roxburgh's library, the following extraordinary prices were paid for old editions.—For Bocaccio's Decamerone (of the year 1471) £2260, by the Marquis of Blandford.—The Boke of the Fayt of Armes and of Chyvalrye (1479) £336, by Mr. Nornaville.—The Recuyeil of the Histories of Troye (1473) £1060.10*s.* by the Duke of Devonshire.—The very trew History of the valiant Knight Jason (1492) £94.10*s.* by the Duke of Devonshire.—The most pitifull History of Appolyn, King of Thyre (1519) £115.10*s.* by Mr. Nornaville.—The History of Blanchardyn, and the Princes Eglantine, £215.5*s.* by Earl Spencer.—The right pleasaunt and goodlie Historye of the four Sonnes of Aimon (1554) £55, by Mr. Heber.—The Lyfe of Vergilius, with wood cuts, £54.12*s.* by the Marquis of Blandford.—The Story of Frederyke of Jennen, with wood cuts, (1518) £65.2*s.* by Mr. Triphook.—The Story of Mary of Nemegen, with wood cuts (1518) £67, by Mr. Triphook.

Man rendered incombustible.—A physician at Naples, of the name of Faracci, has lately published a work, in which he asserts that the human body may be rendered fire-proof by being rubbed with the following composition—An ounce and half of alum dissolved in four ounces of warm water, to which must be added an ounce of isinglass, and half an ounce of gum Arabic. [*See page 379 of our present Number.*]

POETRY.

Ascot Races;

a familiar Epistle to Mr. James Murray.

Dear Murray,
once more I shall set pen to paper;
And send you again some poetical va-
por; [when broke,
And, as vapor, (you know) like a bubble
Will vanish away, and be lighter than
smoke, [er than air,
So it is with my rhimes: they are light-
And scarcely, I fear, worth perusal or
care; ['tis I levy;
Yet, methinks, on your patience a tax
And my verses, no doubt, you think won-
derful heavy. [faces,
Be that as it may, I'll make no more wry
But give some account of our trip to the
races. [in a hurry!
"What races?" you cry.—Oh! don't be
'Tis the races at Ascot I mean, Cousin
Murray. [Friday;
'Twas on Friday we went, and a very fine
And, if not very smart, we at least were
quite tidy.
Our party consisted of five, as I'll say;
The ladies were Mistresses G. M. and A.
And the *Gemmen*, whose friendship, you
know, is quite fervent,
Were, my host Mr. G. and your most
humble servant. [and four,
Our conveyance was stylish—a chariot
And a servant on horseback:—we want-
ed no more. [guide;
A postillion we had, our two leaders to
And my friend drove the others.—I sat
by his side.— [frighten'd;
Within sat the ladies, who were not much
And, as their fears fled, our load surely
was lighten'd. [say;
The ride was most pleasant, suffice it to
And we reach'd Ascot Heath about one
in the day. [smiling,
There gaiety reign'd; ev'ry visage look'd
While the ladies so fair ev'ry heart were
beguiling: [to view,
And of females, my friend, we had plenty
From the Queen of Great Britain to beg-
gar-girl Sue.
Having sought out a spot from intrusion
quite free,
Our carriage was halted beneath an elm-
tree. [chatted a while,
Then we walk'd, and we gaz'd, and we
And were blest by the Queen with a nod
and a smile.
Two races were past; and we heard who
was winner;
When, behold ye! we felt some small
longings for dinner:
So we went to our tree, and unpack'd all
our store;
And its plenty was such, we had no need
of more. [glutton:—
Indeed we'd enough to have tempted a
We had chickens and ham, cold plum-
pudding, and mutton, [palate,
With *et-cæteras* proper to please ev'ry
Not even forgetting some lettuce for
salad— [lent treat;
Ale, brandy, and wine:—'twas an excel-
And much I might say how we drank
and we eat, [said before,
But will only say now, what I've oft
That a meal thus partaken is ever lik'd
more, [reign,
Than that where punctilio and elegance
Where you eat and you drink in polite-
ness and pain. [the grass,
Having finish'd our pleasant repast on
We each of us took of good sherry a
glass; [course,
And the ladies then led to the side of the
Where they safely might see ev'ry gal-
loping horse. [about, to behold
Then my friend and myself stroll'd
The humours that races are sure to un-
fold. [common,
In one booth we saw, what is rather un-
A dance by the men, and the fiddler a
woman. [display'd;
O'er each turf-cover'd hovel, a sign was
And "Good beer sold here" quickly
told us their trade. [be found:
Within them assembled all sorts might
But soldiers, and swindlers, and bump-
kins abound; [and some merry,
Some drunk, and some sober, some sad,
And all much too fond of the juniper-
berry. [might be seen
There were only two shows; and in one
"The world in a handkerchief tied" snug
and clean; [much gaping,
The other, "The Theatre," where was
Much mirth, and some dancing, but more
catgut-scraping.
As to gingerbread booths, in good faith
there were plenty,
And of ribbon and toy stalls, for rhime
I'll say twenty.
The last race now was over; and
dust and confusion [seclusion;
Was in almost each spot, but our spot of
There the horses were harness'd in com-
fort and quiet, [riot.
Far off from the bustle, far off from the

And now, my good friend, you will fancy us starting,
And, with all our best speed, towards home quickly darting; [than nine;
Where we came very safe, rather earlier
And thirst made our coffee uncommonly fine. [to town,
Very soon, my dear Murray, returning
I shall squeeze friendship's hand pretty firm in my own; [relieve
And to recollect that, will in some sort
The regret I experience when Hare-Hatch I leave.
It only remains for my pen now to tell,
I remain, firm as ever,
Hare-Hatch, your friend,
June, 1807. J.M.L.

Verses, written under a Painting of an EAGLE *mounting with a* SNAKE *in his Claws.*
By Mr. WEBB, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

THE tow'ring Eagle leaves the skies,
And stoops to earth for prey:
Anon, on active wing he flies,
And bears a Snake away.

Yet, noble princely bird, beware
That forky, fatal sting,
Whose venom would thy strength impair,
And mar thy daring wing.

Attend to what the poet sings,
Nor good advice despise,
Release the reptile; ply thy wings,
And spurn the dang'rous prize.

Then may'st thou mount the skies, unstung,
And gain thy mountain nest;
With food more grateful feed thy young,
And glad thy mate's fond breast.

Like thee, proud bird I've seen a youth
Gay Vice, that serpent, clasp—
Unconscious of the awful truth,
That fate was in the grasp.

Oh! would he from his wanton arms
The pois'nous reptile fling, [charms,
Then life might boast a thousand
And death would lose his sting!

ADDRESS, *written for, and at the request of, a Gentleman, to be presented by him to his Family on his* BIRTH-DAY.

I ASK no god of song nor fabled muse
To shed their influence on the theme I choose: [lay,
But sweet affection prompts this humble
To celebrate in verse my natal day.
A parent's breast, to tender feeling true, [you.
Presents, dear relatives! these lines to
Ye dearest pledges of connubial love,
Oh! bless, with me, that Pow'r that reigns above, [full bloom,
Who (while ten thousand, clad in life's
Successive sink, and crowd the dreary tomb) [brief date,
Still spares your sire, still lengthens life's
And gilds with mercy our domestic state!
Hail, natal day! may we assembled raise
A grateful hymn of tributary praise.
Thus shall our humble gratulations rise,
And pierce the radiant portals of the skies. [Death,
Oh! when that tyrant, stern, remorseless
Shall claim, with mandate strong, our vital breath, [spheres,
May we, translated from these grosser
Mount where no suns revolving mark our years— [blows,
To climes serene, where no rude tempest
But joy's pure stream in ceaseless current flows, [hold,
Where blissful minds a sweet communion
And chant seraphic airs to harps of gold!
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

ELEGY, *composed on Ramsgate Sands, August,* 1806.

LOUD sounds the wave upon the sandy shore: [around:
The pensive twilight casts its glooms
The gayer scenes of busy day are o'er;
And silent nature sleeps in rest profound—

Save where the dashing waves alone invade [reign.
The still repose of night's unruffled
She o'er the waste of waters casts her shade, [main.
And veils the terrors of the boist'rous

O'er pointed rocks my lonely steps I bend,
And with reflexion's eye the scene survey;
Pause, as thought turns on each remember'd friend, [day.
And view the joys of many a happy

The cliff, the sands, the rocks, and spreading main, [wond'ring sight:
With heav'n's vast concave, meet my
But present objects sink:—subdu'd by pain, [delight!
A prey to sickness—what can give

'Tis not the awful grandeur of the shore,
Nor scenes that boast the valley's rural name,
Can bid the pang of agony be o'er,
Or banish weakness from the sinking frame.

Religion's angel voice alone can cheer
The soul just parting from its bonds of clay—
Bid the poor trembling flutt'rer cease to fear,
And seek the mansions of eternal day.
MARINA.

BEAUTEOUS ELLA;

a Song, by J. M. L.

Tune, "Faithless Emma."

I ONCE beheld a face most fair,
Where never yet the fiends of care
Had planted deep the gloom of woe,
But beauty spread her smiling glow.
Oh! then I sigh'd: my soul grew sad:
And pleasure no more made me glad:
For, though the maiden's heart was free,
No hope-fraught smile arose for me
In beauteous Ella.

The bloom of summer spread the vale,
And fragrance hung on ev'ry gale:
All nature seem'd to live for joy;—
And nature's pleasures never cloy:—
But still I shunn'd the flow'ry mead:
Keen sorrow bade my bosom bleed;
For, though the maiden's heart was free,
No hope-fraught smile arose for me
In beauteous Ella.

Oh! Ella! though thy heart be cold,
Still shall my soul its wish unfold.
Be all thy hours the hours of peace!
May no sad feelings bid them cease!
Yet think, when far from thee I stray,
With grief companion of my way—
Think, that this heart's last sigh will be
A pensive pray'r to Heav'n for thee,
Oh! cruel Ella!

Sixteen Lines in Rhime.
By J. M. LACEY.

I AM not not fond of subjects long,
But mostly choose to pen some ditty,
Where female beauty fills my song,
With lovely lines, and language pretty.

Sometimes I choose a woeful theme,
But never dwell too long upon it,
Lest my fair readers doze and dream:—
For sorrow, then, I choose a sonnet.

I'm pastoral in summer-time,
And praise each wood-nymph's smiling dimple;
But 'brevity's the soul of' rhime;
For some think pastorals are simple.

Thus, let my theme be what it will—
Or sorrow's sighs, or love's best blisses—
Its lines I mostly manage still
To be about sixteen—as this is.

Completion of the BOUTS RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for June.*

The LOVER'S VOW.—*By* J. M. L.

THERE is a charm in thy sweet *face*,
Would bid a gloomy savage bless thee.
Around it, glows a beamy *grace*,
Would woo cold Winter to caress thee.

Thy blooming cheek, thy heav'nly *smile*,
Thy snowy bosom's gentle heaving,
Might care and want and woe *beguile*,
Or bring a skeptic to believing!

Thy lucid eye its bright-blue *charm*
In lustre sheds on each beholder:
Unknown to art, unknown to *harm*,
It bids the lover's heart grow bolder.

I am that lover!—oh! *receive*
A vow, as pure as truth can make it!
I am that lover!—oh! *believe*,
Worlds should not tempt my soul to break it!

I vow, while life's poor pow'rs *remain*,
To prove the fondest, truest lover—
—Proud to be bound in love's light *chain*,
Without one wish to be a rover:

For truth in love will make his *bands*
Light as the downy dove's soft feather:
But let not Hymen join the *hands*
Of those whose hearts link not together!

Let our love, Ellen, be *refin'd*,
But not enough to chill our blisses:
Be it the tender, true, and *kind*,
Uniting souls, and mingling kisses!

Thus, when the day-beam hails our *sight*,
It cannot lead our steps to error;
And, when bright Sol withdraws his *light*,
It will not wake the throb of terror.

New BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed to our poetic Readers.*

Fare, share; Cold, bold; Shaft, draught; Slow, glow; Skill, will; Hear, dear; Range, strange; Play, gay— *which rhimes may, at the poet's option, be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes, of the writer's own choice.*

Beware of WATER!
Imitation of the French Epigram in our Magazine for June.

A CONJ'ROR once assur'd a friend,
Water would cause his certain end.
The timid soul this warning scares;
He ev'ry brook and river fears;

And drinks—to drown the augur's no-
tion—
Of purest wine a double potion.
But ah! (to see how soon death stops ye!)
Death struck the cautious wight with
dropsy. YORICK.

Ode on the CLOSE *of* AUTUMN, *after an Excursion through Hertfordshire and Essex.* (*From* Mr. G. DYER'S "*Poetics.*")

Now farewell Summer's fervid glow,
Which, as the sun through Cancer rides,
Meas'ring his way in chariot slow,
Scorches the beech-clad forest-sides!
Farewell, too, earlier Autumn's milder
ray, [o'er,
Which, the warm labors of the sickle
Could make the heart of swain industri-
ous gay, [store,
Viewing in barn secure his wheaten
What time the social hours mov'd blithe
along, [harvest song.
Urg'd by the nut-brown ale, and jolly

What diff'rent sounds around me rise!—
Now 'midst a naked scene I rove,
Where the rude halm in hillocks lies,
Where the rash sportsman frights the
grove. [sound!
Ah! cruel sport! ah! pain-awak'ning
How hoarse your death-note to his
list'ning ear, [round,
Who, late, wild warbled music floating
Bless'd the wild warblers of the rising
year! [quid throat,
Who, as each songster strain'd his li-
Grateful himself would try the soft re-
sponsive note!

Yet still, in Autumn's fading form,
The tender melting charms we trace,
Such as, love's season past, still warm
The sober matron's modest face;
Mild beaming suns, oft hid by fleeting
clouds, [golden hues;
Blue-mantled skies, light-fring'd with
Brooks, whose swoln waters mottled
leaves o'erspread; [course pursues;
Fields, where the plough its steady
And woods, whose many-shining leaves
might move [grove.
Fancy's poetic hand to paint some orange

Be mine—for Fancy is a child——
Still with the circling hours to play,
And feast on hips and blackberries wild,
Like truant school-boy gay;
Or eager plunge in cool pellucid stream,
Heedless that Summer's sultry day is
fled; [theme,
Or muse, as breathes the flute, some rural
Such theme as Fancy's song may yet
bestead;
Or, stretch'd at ease, to sing in simple
strains, [rustic swains.
Thus tuneful Maro erst, of nymphs and

Now bear me to the distant wood*,
And bear me to the silent stream,
Where oft I stray'd, in serious mood,
Lost in some youthful dream.
To me, O Hornsey! what retreat so fair!
What shade to me so consecrate as
thine? [I care
And on thy banks, poor streamlet†, did
For all the spring-haunts of the tune-
ful Nine? [fade!
Ah! pleasures, how ye lengthen as ye
As spreads the sun's faint orb at twilight's
dubious shade!

For, oh! pale stream, how many a tear
I mingled in thy waters slow!
E'en midst the blossoms of its year,
Youth has its share of woe.
And thus through life: for what is hu-
man life? [scene!
A changeful day, a motley-tinctur'd
How quick succeed the hours of peace
and strife! [ful green!
How sombre tints o'erspread the cheer-
E'en while fair Hope lights up her
brightest sky, [to heave a sigh!
She wavers 'midst her doubts, and learns

But, lo! the sun now seeks the west:
Now o'er the landscape steals a gloom;
And now, with walking toil oppress'd,
I view yon distant dome‡!
Ah! soon, too soon, I give the faint adieu,
And sleeps my song, as fades the cheer-
ful day:
Soon shall the dusky city bound my view;
And hag-ey'd Spleen November's call
obey.
Ye meads, and fields, whose ev'ry charm
could please, [rural ease!
Ye gentle friends, adieu! and farewell

Yet fields, and meads, and gentle friend,
When Mem'ry bids, shall re-appear;
Quick, where she lifts her wand, ascend
The long-departed year:
The choirs, whose warblings charm'd
the youthful spring, [that now
And summer's golden flow'rs, and all
Of Autumn fades, their mingled charms
shall bring; [shall glow;
And the full year 'mid Winter's frosts
While Fancy, as the vision'd forms arise,
Shall pencil woods and groves, and
streams and purple skies.

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*Hornsey Wood, in Middlesex, on the borders of Hertfordshire.

† The New River.

‡ St. Paul's church.

The Belvedere Apollo;
the Poem, which gained, this Year, the annual Prize established at Oxford by Sir Roger Newdigate, Baronet.

Written by Mr. H. Hart Milman, *of Brazen-nose College.*

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's dread-
fulcry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the
slain, [birth,
The heav'nly archer stands—no human
No perishable denizen of earth: [face—
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless
A god in strength, with more than god-
like grace: [glows;
All, all divine—No struggling muscle
Through heaving vein no mantling life-
blood flows;
But, animate with deity alone, [stone.
In deathless glory lives the breathing
Bright kindling with a conqu'ror's stern
delight, [flight*:
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful
fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire.
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on
high [sky.
He walks th' impalpable and pathless
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confin'd
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping
fold, [mould.
Proud to display that form of faultless
Mighty Ephesian †! with an eagle's
flight [fields of light,
Thy proud soul mounted through the
View'd the bright conclave of heav'n's
blest abode;
And the cold marble leap'd to life a god.
Contagious awe through breathless my-
riads ran; [man.
And nations bow'd before the work of
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bow'rs,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with
princely sway, [of day;
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove—
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.
Yet on that form, in wild delirious
trance, [maid of France.
With more than rev'rence gaz'd the
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude:—
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft, as the shifting light her sight beguil'd,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the
marble smil'd; [to hear,
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she wan'd, and, cold and senseless
grown, [stone.
Clos'd her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to
Yet love, in death, a sickly strength sup-
plied: [and died ‡.
Once more she gaz'd, then feebly smil'd,

* The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

† Agasias of Ephesus.

‡ The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel, "*Sur l'Insanité.*"

One Bottle.

Says my Doctor to me, "If you'll only
confine [wine,
Your potations, good Sir, to *one* bottle of
You will *lengthen your days*."—So, with
some little strife, [true;
I agreed to his plan; and, by Jove! he said
For I drank but *one* bottle all yesterday
through; [my life!
And a day half so *long* I ne'er spent in

To Sleep.
(A Translation from the Latin.)

Though, pictur'd in thy form, I see
The likeness of the dead,
Yet, gentle Sleep! oh! deign to be
The partner of my bed.

For, in the calm thy slumbers give,
How doubly blest am I!
Thus, without life, how sweet to live—
Thus, without death, to die! C. T.

Parliamentary Epigram,
on a Member remarkable for Dividing *the* House.

Into all sorts of subjects, both known
and unknown, [souse!
Mr. Orator Bubble goes, what you call,
And, unluckily having no sense of his
own, [*House.*
He is always for taking the *sense* of the

Conseil *contre la* Mode.

Que faites-vous, jeune beauté?
Cachez vos charmes à ma vue.
Apprenez que la Vérité
Craint même de paraître nue.

Soyez fidèle à la vertu.—
Quand la pudeur quitte une belle,
L'Amour s'envole: il a tout vu:
Le Vice seul reste auprès d'elle.

*** *A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor: and (N.B.) see, upon this subject, the* NOTICES *on the back of the Title-page.*

London Fashionable MORNING *and* EVENING DRESSES.

Morning dress of fine cambric muslin—the top part, as represented in the figure, to be made of very clear worked muslin, and formed with worked trimming, to be quite square, so that one part seems separate from the other, and at the same time appears to relieve that amazing length in the body which our *élégantes* have so long complained of since the waist has been worn long.—At present they are more moderate, and must be allowed to be much more becoming.

A hat of blossom color, embossed with silk, with a drooping ostrich feather, and to be worn quite off the face, for the hair to be exposed, which is now generally dressed with rows of small curls very full, so that the forehead can only be seen sufficiently to give a little relief with the mixture. — Grey gloves and boots.

Evening dress of rich pink figured silk, ornamented with a crape trimming and silk buttons, forming a drapery from the bottom of the waist to the opposite side, and continued round the bottom.—Full short sleeves—White kid gloves and shoes.—Head-dress, the Ponsonby cap of pink crape, to correspond with a bunch of small roses.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, July* 22] On the passage of the Niemen by the French, and their advance toward Riga, the British admiral in the Baltic having made an offer of assistance to the governor, the latter announced to him the restoration of peace between Russia and England, and admitted British ships of war into the harbour.

[27] The Pope, so long immured in the fortress of Savona, arrived at Paris on the 20th of June, where he was received with considerable distinction.

[27] June 26, the diet of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw assembled, under the sanction of Bonaparté, and, by a public act, constituted themselves a general confederation, and declared the kingdom of Poland re-established.

[27] The university of Parma has been suppressed.

[27] The vintage in Portugal is said to be of greater promise than it has been for the last 30 years; and the corn harvest is likely to be equally abundant.

[28] An action is stated to have taken place between three American frigates and the British frigate Belvidera. The latter was within the waters of the United States, i. e within five miles of the coast; which being considered as an encroachment, the American vessels attacked her: but, after a long-continued and spirited resistance, she escaped.

[29] It is said, that several waggon-loads of false noses and ears, stuffed with cotton, have left Paris for the French armies in Poland. This is done in anticipation of a winter campaign, as these articles are worn to prevent the bad effects of frosty weather. The same contrivance was resorted to by the French in the last campaign in Poland.

[30] Letters from Lima, of March 10, state that the province of Guanca had revolted from the Spanish government, and published a declaration, renouncing all subjection to Spain, and asserting their independence.

[*August* 2] On the 18th of June, Mr. Madison, President of the American United States, ratified the act of Congress declaring war against Great Britain.

[3] The 6th bulletin of Bonaparté's grand army, dated Wilna, July 11, states that their advanced guard reached the Dwina on the 5th—mentions some sanguinary skirmishes with the rere-guard of the Russians—and notices the capture of various magazines, which the latter, in their hasty retreat, had omitted to destroy.—It adds, that almost the whole of Lithuania, containing four millions of inhabitants, has been reduced to subjection.

[3] A report has reached Batavia of the massacre of the Dutch garrison at Palambang by the natives. The sovereign of that place had a profitable contract with the Dutch for tin: and, on receiving intimation that Batavia had

changed masters, and that the Dutch power in the East had terminated, he surprised and murdered the garrison, and possessed himself of their effects.

[3] The coffee, found in the different store-houses at Java, is estimated at upwards of 40,000 tons. The quantities of rice, sugar, pepper, and other spices, are also very large. Subalterns' shares of prize-money had sold as high as £400 each; and a captain's was estimated to be worth £750l.

[3] A new code of justice has been granted by ministers to the inhabitants of Ceylon, establishing the trial by jury in criminal cases.

[3] Letters from the Cape of Good Hope state, that the Caffres in the interior of the promontory, adjoining the boundary line of the British territory, had lately assembled in considerable bodies, and, attacking the Dutch farmers, committed various depredations and cruelties, destroying the cattle, pillaging and setting fire to the houses of the settlers, and putting to death some of those who attempted to defend their property.

[3] In the night of May 28, the Spanish general Duran took, by assault, the city of Tudela, defended by a French garrison of from 800 to 1000 men.

[5] Letters from Cadiz, of July 14, complain of great annoyance and mischief from the continuance of the bombardment by the French. Their shells are loaded with lead, weigh from 90 to 160 pounds, and, by an improvement in the construction of their mortars, are thrown to the extraordinary distance of 4200 Spanish yards: but very few of them burst.

[5] Intelligence from Spain states that an English consul is raising, at his own expense, a corps of 4000 men, to be denominated the Anglo-Catalonian legion.

[6] Letters from Malta, of June 19, say that the plague had raged with great violence both at Smyrna and Constantinople; and, at the latter, it appeared to be penetrating into the interior.—They add, that the Algerine cruisers detain all Spanish vessels, and send their crews into slavery

[7] The British commissioners, appointed to go out to Spanish America to mediate between the colonies and the mother country, are about to return to England without proceeding to fulfil the objects of their intended mission. The reason is the obstinate refusal of the Cortes to give them the powers which were necessary to success; for they would not consent to include Mexico in the commission, or permit them to go thither at all.

[7] Advices from Rio Janeiro state, that 5000 persons fell victims to the late epedemic disorder in that settlement, among whom, however, there was only one Englishman.

[10] Jerome Bonaparte has been under the necessity of publishing a decree, acknowledging his inability to pay the interest of the public debt of Westphalia. The decree is dated the 12th June, at Warsaw, and directs that the interest in future is to be added to the capital!

[10] *Palermo, June* 23.—The British Government has proposed, with the permission of the Sicilian, to raise a loan in Sicily for one year certain, or to be renewed for the next with the consent of the lender, at an interest of seven per cent. Repayment to be made in Sicily Malta, or England, at the option of the lender.

[10] Advices from Canada, of July say that a proclamation, by General Prevost, had imposed an embargo upon all vessels at Quebec, from the 1st July, and another had ordered all American citizens to quit the colonies, by the 7th in Upper Canada, and the 14th of that month in Lower Canada.—The parliament of Lower Canada had passed two acts, one for draughting the militia into the regular force, and the other granting a supply of money.

[12] On the 20th of July, the French crossed the Dwina, without opposition from the Russians, who, at the approach of the invaders, abandoned their works on the river, and retreated.

[13] A new comet was observed at Paris, on the 1st of the present month. It was first perceived from the observatory at Marseilles, on the 20th ult. The comet appears between the feet of the Griffin and the head of the Lynx: it is not perceptible without the aid of glasses

[14] A considerable part of the suburbs of Riga has been burned, to deprive the French of all shelter in case of their advancing.

[14] Throughout the several provinces of the Russian empire, a levy has been ordered of five men from every 500 of the population: and it is computed that this levy will produce an army of regulars of 500,000 men.

[14] About the end of July, the Russians gained a signal advantage over their French invaders. The

guard of prince Bagration's army was attacked in his retreat toward Polosk, by a numerous body of French cavalry, supported by several pieces of artillery: the French were defeated, with the loss of between five and six thousand men killed, and above a thousand prisoners.

[15] The nobles of Moscow have offered to raise, at their own expense, a hundred thousand men, besides a voluntary contribution of two millions of silver rubles, to be at the emperor's disposal:—and the nobles of Smolensko have offered to raise 20,000 men.

[17] On the 20th of July, the Peninsular allied army, under Lord Wellington, gained a most brilliant victory over the French army commanded by General Marmont.—By a feigned retreat, the British chief had allured them to follow him, till, in an advantageous position at Arapiles, near Salamanca, he halted to await their attack. An engagement ensued; when, after an obstinate conflict of several hours, the French were defeated, with great loss both in killed and prisoners; and the remnant of their army compelled to seek safety in a nocturnal flight. On the following days, the fugitives were pursued by the victors, who continued, each day, to kill and capture great numbers: and it is computed, that, in the battle and the pursuit, Marmont has lost one half of his force, which, previous to the action, consisted of 40,000 men.—Marmont himself was wounded, suffered the amputation of an arm, and is said to have since died of his wounds.

[18] The treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey—which the latter had at first refused to ratify—has since received her ratification.

[19] Advices from Newfoundland, of July 25, say that the cod-fishery has been very unsuccessful this year.—They mention the arrival of twelve American vessels, captured by British cruisers.

[19] The Russians, it is said, make a distinction in the prisoners taken by them—those who are natives of France are sent under a strong escort towards Siberia, while the Germans are permitted to enter into a particular corps, forming for that purpose.

[19] So great has been the mortality among the horses in the French grand army in Poland, that a requisition for no less than 40,000 has been received in France to supply the losses; and, in order to fulfill the demand of the emperor, it has been found necessary for the commissaries to ballot from all the farmers in the northern department of the empire the best of their draught horses, which are dispatched to the army with the greatest expedition.

[20] *Welika Louke, July 22.*—A treaty of peace and amity has, within these few days, been signed at this place, between Russia and Spain. The emperor acknowledges the present government acting in the name of King Ferdinand VII.

[20] *Orebro, Aug. 8.*—We have just received the information that General Platoff has obtained fresh advantages over the enemy. Seven Polish regiments of cavalry have been almost totally destroyed. Thirty officers, and upwards of 500 men, were taken in this affair.

[20] The Swedish papers contain an ordinance of the government, directing that the ports of Sweden should, from the 15th instant, be open to merchantmen of all nations, without exception, for importation and exportation of foreign and Swedish produce: but no goods to be imported in foreign vessels, except such as are of the produce and manufacture of their home country, or the dependencies thereof.

[24] On the 30th and 31st of July, the Russians, under Count Wittgenstein, defeated the French under General Oudinot, and compelled them to recross the Duna. The Russians, however, still persevere in their plan of retreat.

[24] The Cossack chief (or Hettman) Platoff has publicly offered his daughter in marriage, with a large portion, to any man of his corps who shall bring in Bonaparte, dead or alive.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.—On the 2d of August, the following bulletin was shown at St. James's—"Soon after the last monthly report, His Majesty had a severe accession of his disorder, which quickly subsided; and His Majesty has since continued as well as before that attack."—No further intelligence respecting him has since been made public.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *July* 30, twenty pence—*August* 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th, the same.

[*London, July* 22] At the Hertford assises, on Monday, a serjeant of local

militia obtained a verdict, with £20 damages, against his colonel and captain, for having been imprisoned under the sentence of a court martial of local militia, for a month, in the county gaol, where he was kept a part of the time in solitary confinement, and fed upon bread and water.

[23] Yesterday, at the Cambridge assises, Daniel Dawson was found guilty of poisoning a horse at Newmarket in 1809, and sentenced to death.

[23] A commission has been sent, to recruit negroes on the African coast, for our black regiments in the West-Indies.

[24] On Wednesday, at Barnes in Surrey, the Count and Countess D'Antraigues were murdered by their own servant, Lorenzo, an Italian. He first fired a pistol at the count, and, having missed his aim, ran up stairs, and, returning with a pistol and dagger, stabbed the count, and then the countess; after which he went up stairs, and shot himself.—He had had no quarrel with his employers; and no motive for his conduct can even be conjectured.

[24] At Dewlish, on the 10th instant, a horse, while fastened by the bridle, was attacked by several swarms of bees. Two or three persons attempting to rescue him, were stung blind: but they at length set him free, and he ran off. The infuriated insects pursued him, till he became entangled, and fell, and in a short time expired.

[25] A few weeks ago, in the parish of Kirkconnel, near Sanquhar, there was found, in a partridge's nest, a young partridge, with two distinct bills, three eyes, one of which was in the centre of the head, four wings, and four legs. It was alive when found, but is since dead.

[27] The Marine Society's quarterly statement declares, that, in the last quarter, the society clothed 196 boys, and 199 landmen volunteers, for the sea service; and, from their first institution, 29,929 boys, and 39,051 men—and that they have now upwards of 138 boys on board their ship ready for service.

[28] Yesterday, at Queen's-square office, three pawnbrokers, guilty of having taken in pledge considerable parcels of stolen shoes from a boy apparently under the age of twelve, were fined in the mitigated penalty of 40 shillings for each pair.

[29] *Attempted Suicide.*—A female, not more than nineteen years of age, cut her throat on Monday, in Alsop's-buildings, New-road, Mary-le-bone, while at breakfast.

[29] *Snakes.*—On Tuesday last, 600 snakes were destroyed at Boltham, near Lincoln. They were nestled in some old manure lying in a field.

[31] On a coroner's inquest, held yesterday in Tothill-fields before Antony Gell, esq.—it being proved that a man, killed in a pitched battle, had been repeatedly requested by his antagonist and others to desist—the jury returned a verdict of "*Justifiable Homicide.*"

[31] *Hackney Coaches.*—The commissioners lately decided, that, in the case of more than four persons in a coach, children, who are not infants in arms, but can sit alone on a seat, are to be considered as adults, and liable to the charge of an additional shilling for each above the stated number. But—*See August* [4].

[31] Yesterday, the Parliament was prorogued, by commision, to the 2d of October.

[*August* 1] *Nuisances.*—At the Surrey assises, on Thursday, a person was found guilty of a nuisance in erecting a soap-manufactory in a situation where it proved a great annoyance to the neighbourhood.—A verdict, with £10 damages, was given against another person, who, though entitled to make a lay-stall in a particular place, had frequently deposited on it a certain kind of filth intolerably offensive to his neighbours.

[3] The London Gazette of Aug. 1 contains an order for a general embargo on all American vessels in our ports, and for the capture of American vessels at sea.

[4] *Hackney Coaches.*—Yesterday the magistrates at Marlborough-street office decided, that, in the case of more than four persons in a coach, children under the age of fourteen are not to be considered as adults, or liable to the charge of an additional shilling.—*See July* [31].

[5] On a trial at the Sussex assises, Aug. 2, it was decided by the judge, that, although work were improperly executed, the party who had given the order was bound to pay for it, and had only the resource of maintaining a cross action.—The jury gave a verdict agreeable to this doctrine.

[5] *Boarding-school Robberies.*—Several depredations have lately been committed in boarding-schools in and near town, by the following stratagem.—An elderly man, of genteel appearance, calls at the house which he intends to make the

scene of his operations, and tells a plausible tale, of his having two grand-daughters, whom he is desirous of placing in the establishment; asks the terms; and finally, having settled with the governess a day for introducing the pupils, he departs. In the course of this negotiation, however, he generally contrives so to divert the attention of the lady, as to be able, unperceived, to consign to his pocket some valuable article of plate, a watch, or other trinket. It is said, that in one instance he actually went so far as to introduce a young girl to a school at Plaistow, who absconded the next morning at an early hour, taking with her several watches and other things of value belonging to the young ladies.

[7] Yesterday, a meeting was held at the Mansion-house, to form an auxiliary Bible Society.—It was there stated that the existing Bible Society had already expended considerably upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. In London alone, more than 290,000 Testaments, and 140,000 Bibles, had been distributed; and that Society had given rise to five similar societies on the continent, and had visited the most distant regions of the globe.

[7] *Kidnapped Chimney-sweepers.*—Yesterday, Charles Barker was charged at Union Hall with kidnapping two young boys, and selling them, for *seven shillings*, to one Rose, a chimney-sweeper at Kingston.

[8] *Increase of Poor-Rates.*—In the year 1755, one half year's expense of the poor of Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, was £25. 4s. In the corresponding half year of 1810, the expense was £600. 5s.

[8] *Children burned.*—At Abbeydore, lately, four children, left by themselves in a cottage during their mother's absence, were, together with the cottage, burned to ashes, through some unknown accident.

[10] Daniel Dawson, the horse-poisoner, was executed at Cambridge on Saturday last. (*See July* 23)—He made a full confession of his guilt, and also a declaration of his accomplices. Not a single *Gentleman* is involved in the confession; and Dawson was rather an agent than a principal.—The Jockey Club expended a sum not short of £1500 in bringing him to justice.

[10] At the Warwick assises, Barnabas Watters and his son, who had picked up a bill, valued £11, and converted it to their own use, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. —The presiding judge observed, that "*it is the duty of every man, when he finds the property of another, to use all diligence to find the owner, and not conceal it (which is actually stealing it), and appropriate it to his own use;—and that the law will always punish with severity offenders of that description.*"

[11] The Commissioners of Mallstreath inclosure (Anglesea) have succeeded in excluding the sea from that valuable tract; by which undertaking, not less than 3000 acres of land have been rescued from a state of comparative sterility, and converted into rich corn-fields.

[11] On Monday se'nnight, at the annual conference of the Methodists at Leeds, three hundred and nine preachers attended.

[11] *Carriers.*—At the Shrewsbury assises, a verdict, with £70 damages, (half the sum claimed) was given against Messrs. Evans and Co. carriers, for brandy which had leaked from a cask in their waggon, unregarded by the driver.

[11] On a thief, yesterday examined at Bow-street office, was found a high-tempered centre-bit with two sharp angles, apparently capable of cutting through any thing, and making an aperture large enough to admit a man's arm.

[11] A large fish, of the sun-fish species, about seven feet long, and weighing between six and seven cwt. was taken in Mount's Bay last week by some fishermen, who found it basking on the surface of the water.

[11] At the Maidstone assises, Aug. 7, W. Brown was sentenced to death for the murder of a little girl. He had seen her at play, taken her up in his arms, strangled her, and, next day, voluntarily confessed the fact, for which he could allege no motive.—It appeared that he had taken certain dangerous medicines without medical advice: but there was no proof of their having produced mental derangement.

[12] A skeleton was lately dug up at Leixlip in Ireland, which appeared to be that of a man not less than ten feet high—supposed to be Phelim O'Tool, mentioned by Keating, and buried there 1982 years ago.

[12] *Counterfeit Money.*—By an Act passed at the close of the last session, the makers, venders, and utterers of forged Bank Tokens are liable to 14 years' transportation; the same punishment is inflicted on the makers and venders of what are termed Flash or Fleet notes.

[13] A nocturnal telegraph was yes-

terday exhibited in front of the yard adjoining Lord Glenbervie's house, Whitehall.—On each side of the shutters were two large globular lights, nearly nine inches in circumference—red and blue, to be alternately changed in color, according to the signals wanted, and the state of the atmosphere. The lights, which are in the form of a cone, may be seen from a great distance.

[15] A fellow, dressed like an ostler, lately took charge of a gentleman's horse at the entrance of the Griffin inn in the Borough: but, as soon as the owner was out of sight, the pretended ostler mounted the horse, and rode off with him.

[18] A farm-servant, near Manchester, after having satisfied his appetite with a very hearty dinner, went, after thanks were returned, very deliberately to the barn, and hanged himself.

[18] A fire broke out, about half past seven o'clock yesterday evening, in the rope yard at Woolwich, in a part of the building near the arsenal. Water was, however, speedily obtained, and, by promptly pulling down some of the building, the flames were prevented from spreading. The fire was thus soon extinguished; and little damage was done.

[18] A new Philosophical Society has recently been established in Dublin. Its object is to promote the cultivation of chemistry, mineralogy, and other branches of natural history.—Its attention will be confined to these pursuits.

[18] *Pawnbrokers.*—Yesterday, at Union Hall, a pawnbroker was fined for having charged 7½d. interest, as for six months, instead of 6¼d. for five months and fourteen days:—and, at Bow-street office, Mary Thompson, of Long-acre, was convicted in the penalty of £3, with costs, for taking in a pledge from a child under twelve years of age.

[18] *Draymen.*—Yesterday, at Bow-street office, a drayman was fined ten shillings, with costs, for riding on the shafts of his dray, by which a gig was overturned, and a lady hurt.

[18] Accounts from all parts of the kingdom concur in justifying the expectation of a very abundant harvest; though in Essex, especially near Great Dunmow, considerable damage has been done by the late heavy rains. The loss, sustained upon one farm alone, has been estimated at £1000.

[18] In Worcestershire, the blight has made considerable ravages in the hop plantations, so that it is feared they will hardly produce any hops worth notice. That article has advanced near 100 per cent. since October last.

[18] Barley harvest began at Aberdeen a few days ago; and new bear meal was sold in that market on the 6th instant, from a farm in the vicinity.

[20] On Sunday last, was consecrated the new church at Buxton, founded by the late Duke of Devonshire.

[21] *Sunday Tolls.*—At Union Hall, yesterday, on a claim of exemption by a person going to a place of worship out of his own parish, the sitting magistrate, Mr. Evance, decided that the words of the Act of Parliament—"Any vicar, rector, or curate, going to, or returning from, performing duty at his own parish church, or any person or persons going to or returning from their own parish church, or any other place of public worship whatsoever, shall be exempt"—could only comprehend places of worship situate in the parish in which persons resided; and therefore, that any person, going out of his own parish, was liable to the payment of toll.

[22] Yesterday, Thos. Bowler was executed at Newgate for the attempt to murder Mr. Burrows, noticed in our Magazine for June.

[25] Pilchards are taken in such plenty, that they have lately been sold at ten for a penny at Truro.

[26] At the Chester assises, Edith Morrey, and John Lomas, received sentence of death for the murder of George Morrey, husband of the female criminal. —She was respited on account of pregnancy.

[27] Disturbances have lately taken place at Leith and Edinburgh, on account of the dearness of provisions.

[27] Yesterday, a powder-mill blew up on Hounslow Heath; by which accident, a man was killed.

[27] Last Sunday week, at Huddersfield, a respectable man, in easy circumstances, who had for many years been conductor of the Methodist society there, cut his throat, though not mortally.

BORN.

[*July* 23] On the 17th inst. of the Lady of Sir Geo. Clark, a son.

[23] On the 19th, of the lady of Lieut. Gen. Champagne, a daughter, since dead.

[29] Friday, of the lady of Lieut. General Onslow, a son.

[*August* 5] Monday, at Malshanger, Hants, of the lady of Col. Conyngham, a son.

[7] Yesterday, of the lady of R. Bernal, esq. Russell-square, a son.

[14] On the 10th, of the lady of Major General the Hon. John Crewe, a son.

[14] On the 10th, of the lady of J. Russell, esq. of Islam Hall, Derbyshire, a son.

[15] On the 12th, of the lady of Joshua Walker, esq. Portland-place, a son.

[15] On the 12th, of the lady of Henry Fred. Compton Cavendish, esq. a daughter.

[18] On the 6th, of the Marchioness of Downshire, a son and heir.

[21] Wednesday, of Mrs. S. Baker, Grove-place, Mile-End, a son.

[21] On the 13th, of the lady of Robert Bayley, esq. Bernard-street, Russell-square, a son.

MARRIED.

[*July* 23] Lately, at Clifton, the Rev. Mr. Bradford, to Miss Martha Wilmot.

[24] Yesterday, Lord Walpole, to Miss Mary Fawkener.

[30] On Thursday, Major W. Markham Combe, of the Royal Marines, to Miss Eliza Barclay.

[*August* 4] Lately, Robert Wigram, esq. M. P. to Miss Selina, youngest sister of Sir T. Pelham Hayes, Bart.

[5] Yesterday, Hutches Trower, esq. of Harley-street, to Miss Slater.

[12] Monday, the Hon. William Waldegrave, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sam. Whitbread, esq.

[13] Saturday, Lieut. Col. Mellish, of Hodsack Priory, Nottinghamshire, to Harriet, daughter of the Marchioness dowager of Lansdowne.

[14] Monday, John Bennet Lawes, esq of Ruthampstead, Herts, to Mrs. Knox, of Harpenden.

[15] On the 13th, the Hon. Basil Cochrane, to Mrs. Lowry.

[18] Wednesday, Major Graham, of the Dragoon Guards, to Miss Maria Lambert.

[19] Wednesday, W. Simmonds, esq. of Great Thurlow, to Miss Eliza Manning.

[20] On the 18th, James Palmer Hobbs, esq. to Miss Walker, of Hampton-Court palace.

DECEASED.

[*July* 29] On the 20th, *aged* 82, the Rev. Richard Keats, rector of Biddeford, Devonshire.

[29] On Monday, *aged* 77, Mrs. Jane Markill, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

[29] On the 26th, *aged* 78, the Rev. Benj. Anderson, Vicar of Penn, Bucks.

[31] Wednesday, the lady of Captain W. Williams, of the 86th regiment of foot.

[*August* 3] Wednesday se'nnight, *** Alcock, esq. father of the present member for the county of Wexford.

[5] Saturday, at Worthing, *aged* 76, Ambrose Serle, esq.

[6] Thursday, the relict of the late Rev. T. Higgon, rector of Ingestrie, Staffordshire.

[6] Friday, Robert, eldest son of Lord Robert Fitzgerald.

[6] July 20, *aged* 102, Sarah, wife of Mr. Gervas Yeomans, of Nottingham. She had been married 70 years; and her husband is now in his 98th year.

[8] Lately, at Croydon, Miss Durant, *aged* 60.

[10] On the 2d, *aged* 25, Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Stuart, Bart. of Berwickshire.

[11] Saturday, the lady of the Rev. C. R. Pritchett, of the Charterhouse.

[14] July 30, Sir John Parnell, Bart.

[17] Friday, Samuel Robert Gaussen, esq. of Brookman's Park, Herts.

[18] Aug. 7, Mrs. Pearson, of Great Ormond-street, *aged* 89.

[18] Lately, the celebrated Dick England, well known among the gentlemen of the sporting world. He was near *eighty* years of age.

[18] Aug. 7, Sir John Shaw Stewart, Bart. *aged* 73.

[19] Saturday, the relict of the late Geo. Ramsay, esq. of Bath.

[19] Aug. 15, the lady of the Rev. Francis Jones, rector of Throckingham, Northamptonshire.

APPENDIX.

Illumination Outrages.—During the illuminations in honor of Lord Wellington's late victory, the metropolis was a scene of the most disgraceful riots and outrages. Not only were fire-arms discharged, and fire-works profusely scattered, but *balls of tow, dipped in turpentine,* were thrown among crowds, and into carriages—horses ran off in affright—carriages were overturned—and many deplorable accidents ensued, in broken limbs and fractured skulls. These, however, we forbear to enumerate, as well as the extensive and wasteful havoc in the destruction of windows, and content ourselves with noticing the following few particulars.—In Bow-street, a genteel young female had her clothes set in a blaze.—In the Strand, three females at one time had their clothes on fire, one of whom was burned, through all her

clothes, to the thigh.—In the Strand likewise, a hackney coach, containing two ladies and two gentlemen, was forced open by the mob, who threw in a number of fire-works, which, setting fire to the straw at the bottom of the coach, burned an eye of one of the gentlemen, his coat, and across his breeches: one of the ladies had her pelisse burned; and the other was burned across the breast.—In St. Clement's Church-yard, a female of respectable appearance, hearing a blunderbuss suddenly discharged near her, instantly *dropped down, and expired*—apparently in consequence of the fright caused by the explosion

The Cow-Pox.—The London Vaccine Institution, in their annual report, state, that, from their commencement in 1806, two hundred and twenty-nine thousand, two hundred and eighty-nine persons in the United Kingdom have received the benefit of the vaccine inoculation—They add, that, in the few cases which have come to their knowledge, of the small pox occurring after vaccination, it has, with very few exceptions, been a mild disease—and that, out of many hundred thousand persons vaccinated (in England and elsewhere) not a single well-authenticated instance has been communicated to them of a fatal small pox after vaccination.—They further observe, that, previous to the discovery of vaccination, the average number of deaths by small pox, within the Bills of Mortality, was 2,000 annually; whereas, in the last year, only 751 persons have died of that disease, although the increase of population within the last ten years has been 133,139. The increase of population throughout Great Britain, in the same period of time, has been 1,609,000; and to these augmentations the practice of vaccination has probably much contributed.

Diminished Importation of Wine.—In a petition lately presented to Parliament, the merchants concerned in the trade to Portugal have stated that the average importation into the United Empire, for a series of former years, exceeded annually 50,000 pipes, producing a revenue of upwards of £2,500,000. The import from Oporto, last year, was only 18,536 pipes, which would produce only about £900,000; and the import of this year was expected not to exceed that of last year.

Remarkable Wealth.—In a historical work, published at Berlin, by Dietz, is the following inventory of the property of Kustem Pacha, Grand Vizir) to Soliman I.—80,000 turbans, 1100 bonnets, ornamented with gold; 500 ornamented with precious stones; sabres 800; gold and silver, in bars or melted, 100 millions; MSS. of the Koran, of the finest writing, 8000, many of which were ornamented with precious stones; 34 jewels, valued at many millions; 8 large chests, each containing 100,000 pieces of gold, each piece being of the weight of four ducats; and 20 boxes filled with topazes.—Among the kitchen utensils were 40,000 copper kettles.

Fraudulent Plate.—It has lately become a practice with some dishonest silversmiths to cheat the public by the following contrivance. They cut out the Hall-mark from bottle-labels or other small articles, and let it into larger ones of baser metal, which are thus obtruded on the unwary purchaser, without having been assayed at Goldsmiths' Hall—These frauds have been carried to a considerable extent; but the deception may be detected by breathing on the plate, round the marks; when the junction will plainly appear.

Economic Substitute for Bread.—Take two pounds of meat, prepared for a pie; mash a quantity of potatoes, and mix them up with milk to the consistency of batter; pour it over the meat, and send it to the oven without a crust. The potatoe batter forms a crust; and, thus prepared, the meat will go much further than in the usual way; and bread is saved.

A remarkable Phænomenon was observed at Marseilles, on the 23d of June.—On a sudden, a rush of water from the sea came into the port, forming a current so rapid, that it drew every thing with it through the Goulet. The sea then retired all at once, leaving the harbour dry, and all the vessels a-ground. Almost at the same instant, the sea returned by leaps and bounds, with extraordinary impetuosity, filling again the harbour, setting afloat the vessels, and inundating the quays. Afterwards every thing returned to its usual state.—The same phænomenon again occurred in the course of the day—the water in the harbour incessantly ebbing and flowing.—It is supposed to have been produced by some distant earthquake; and it is recollected that a similar event happened in the port in 1756, during the earthquake at Lisbon.

(*Continued on the back of the Title-page.*)